THE
Funny MAGZIN of INDIA

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EDITOR: R. BALASUNDARAM, B.A., L.T. OF "DOODLE."

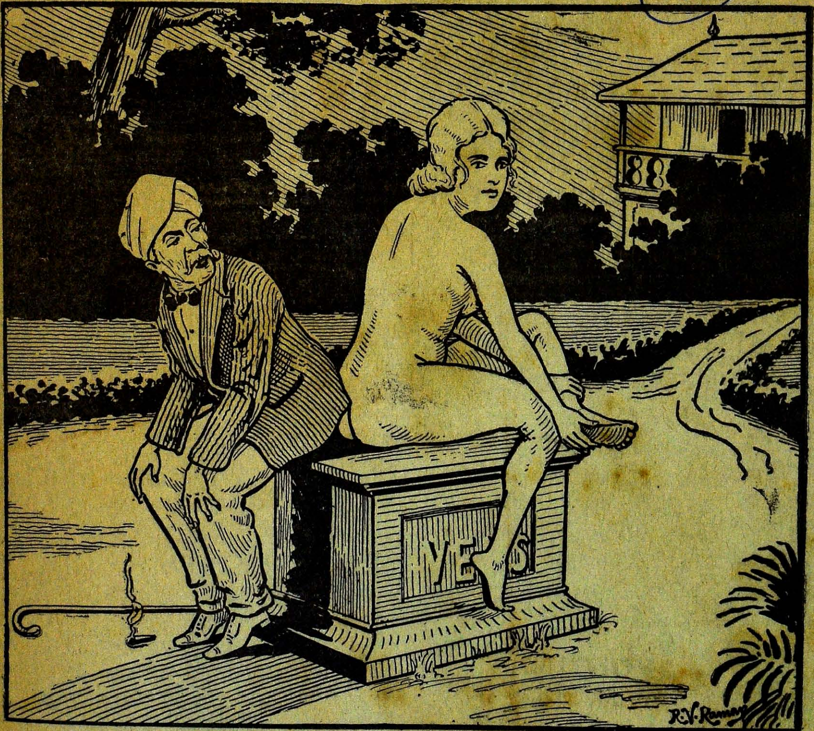
OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF ... 10 OCT 1933 MADRAS

VOL. I | MADRAS, 20TH SEPTEMBER, 1933. | No. 4

" HIS NEED IS GREATER "

1977

HANDSOME PUZZLE PRIZE AND OTHERS.



Midnight Reveller: " Madam, just move a bit please."

NO ENTRANCE FEE. SEE PAGE 39.

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THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

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The FUNNY MAGZIN,

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(1) Articles of a humorous nature, written originally by the Contributor, may be sent: Copied Articles, slightly garbled ones or Articles on Serious Topics, are not required.

(2) The manuscripts must be either typed or legibly written on one side of paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections and some margin on the left.

(3) All manuscripts should bear the name and address of the contributor written in a prominent place to enable us to return them in case they are not found suitable.

(4) Rejected manuscripts, and cartoons etc., will be usually returned only after the Editor has finished considering them, if sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the loss of any.

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Miss. JADDAMBAI.
"Queen of Music" of Gramaphone Fame.

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OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS
10 OCT 1933

PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol. I	MADRAS, 20th SEPTEMBER, 1933.	No. 4

Bhai Funzin's Up-to-date Meanings.

Alcohol : An enemy of mankind which you need plenty of sense and spirits to condemn.

Best man : A wise fellow who helps others to get into matrimony.

Star : A glorious heavenly body moving on the stage or screen.

Crime : Any step by which our neighbours attain success.

Duty : What you exact from your subordinates.

Wit : What every person has (in one's own fancy).

Love : Ever sought ; never got (by a sworn pessimist).

Woman : One whose hisses are more venomous than her bites.

Man : When too stupid to hide your error, you play the man.

Money : Something which a fool never keeps company.

A Lass : Much sought after, but *alas* ! when she is got.

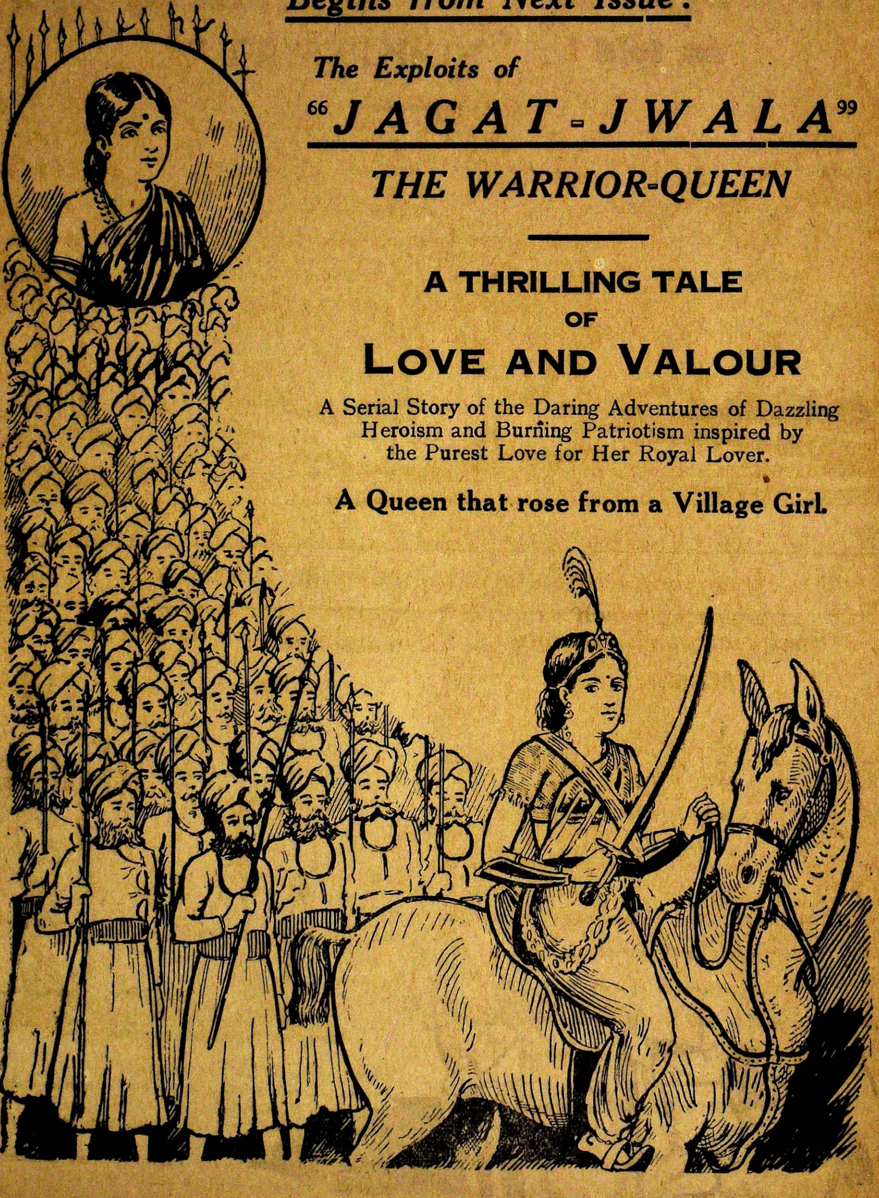
Art for its own Sake.

Ram : How do you like this one ?

Prem : Artistic enough, Ram ; but I cannot endure Art which hides itself.

Ram : May be, Prem, that a little adorning may add tc the loveliness of it.

Prem : No, Ram, to me Beauty is best adorned when least adorned : give me Beauty as it is.



Begins from Next Issue :

The Exploits of

"JAGAT-JWALA"

THE WARRIOR-QUEEN

A THRILLING TALE OF

LOVE AND VALOUR

A Serial Story of the Daring Adventures of Dazzling Heroism and Burning Patriotism inspired by the Purest Love for Her Royal Lover.

A Queen that rose from a Village Girl.

"Jagat-jwala," The Warrior-Queen
as told by "EL-KISMAT"

Unravels the Golden pages of Glorious Indian Chivalry ; inspires feelings of Dignity and Pride in every Indian heart and infuses a feeling of Reverence and Admiration for the Women of our Land by narrating the Deeds of a Queen who rose to the greatest heights of Valour solely by her Love for her Husband and for the Honour of His Kingdom.

"el-Kismat" is, perhaps, best fitted for the task by his intimate knowledge of and pardonable pride for the lustre of Indian Chivalry, while his Love Scenes glow with a dignified delicacy.

"R. V. R." is the Artist-Patriot that has undertaken to visualize in pictures what he has a title to do, by reason of his living touch with the Pomp and Ceremony of Indian Chivalry and Heroic Love and Beauty.

ROPING-IN THE RAJA

A Rapid Tale of Ripening Love in 4-A's

ACCIDENT.

The Raja is innocent. The Damsel is well-favoured, but innocent too. The Raja is having his evening stroll. So too the Damsel Malathi, who still had her mother to bear her company wherever she would go.

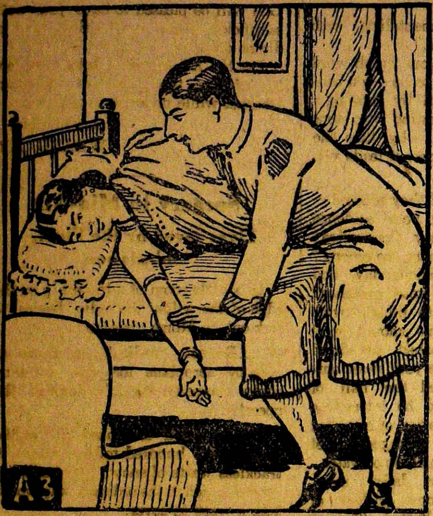
It came to pass,—how, nobody can tell, that the Damsel Malathi trips, slips, reels and—as the mother delicately arranged it—falls into the arms of the Raja.

AID.

The Raja is a sportsman—every hair-breadth of him. Every Raja is a sports-man—he cannot help it. The Raja rushes to Malathi; raises her, rescues her, if only perchance, he could bring the roses back to Malathi's cheeks. Poor helpless mother! paralyzed by the suddenness, leaves it all to the Raja to succour Malathi.

ROPING-IN THE RAJA

A RAPID TALE OF RIPENING LOVE IN 4-A's

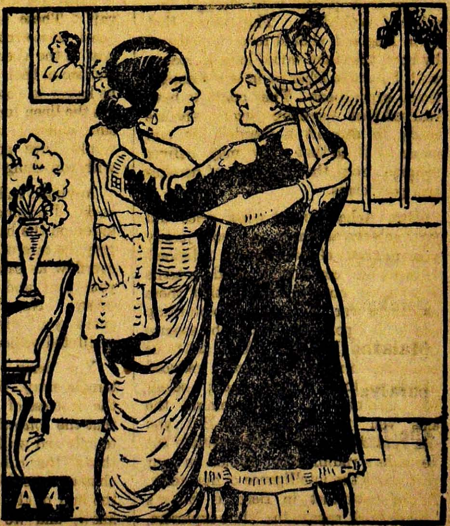


ANXIETY.

Not once or twice, not a day or two, but regularly till Malathi's recovery, did the Raja attend on the Charming One with an Anxiety which only his chivalrous First-Aid can inspire in his martial bosom. Looked as if his presence and his manly tenderness were the only balm to carry relief to the shock that her nerves and frame had suffered.

ALLIANCE

Having nursed and nurtured in her hour of peril, no wonder the mother left Malathi to be taken care of by the same stout arm and stouter heart, and let the sportsman instinct of the Raja continue his championship of Malathi—in short, the good mother stood not in the way of the Raja owning Malathi by an Alliance.



Wrangler's Letters—III.

An Open Letter to:

Mr. M. K. ACHARYA.

REVERED ACHARYAJI,

HEAVENS trembled; Everest tottered. The earth was about to stop its revolution—that in short, was the precarious position of the Universe when, contrary to the precepts of the God-sanctioned shastras, you made the fateful—it might have been fatal—decision to go across the seven seas to the seat of the empire. The cosmic crisis did not stop you, you were going on a crusade. For by your own piety and orthodoxy you prevented the catastrophe. You resolved to expiate the sin of crossing the seas by doing penance beside Mother Ganges. So the threatening cataclysm was averted.

Happily, the sun is shining as usual. Everest too has reared its head once again and defies invaders. The elements tried to impede the unflinching progress? of Sanatana Dharma. But would they? Or *could* they? No!—a billion times no; as has been proved by the still non-stop revolution of this terrestrial globe.

You have proved your strength as a pillar of orthodoxy. The powers that be in England should have understood by now, that they would have to reckon with Sanatana Dharma in any constitutional experiment. They ought to have realised that there are persons who are ready to commit a dreaded sin and atone for it, so that they may deliver religion from the clutches of heretics and politicians.

But, Acharyaji, at what price did you achieve all this! can you justify your method of safeguarding religion? If every sin could be expiated in some way, is it not superfluous that there should be warnings against committing one? Is Spoil and Mend the essence of Sanatana Dharma? You and your comrades-in-religion have reduced Hinduism to a mechanical act; a scientific formula. *You* can commit the sins you preach against. But you can *remedy* them! Such attitude but bespeaks a rudimentary opinion on your part about the intelligence of humanity. As the naturalist in Bernard Shaw's 'Black Girl' says to the white explorers, "You are all fundamentalists with a top-dressing of science."

If 'No Progress' is your watch-word —as indeed it seems to be—you cannot hoodwink the world by running a step in front, and retreating two steps backward. Or rather, why take the step at all when you know it leads you nowhere?

By the way, how did they proceed— and succeed—in taking your evidence in the Joint Parlimentary Committee? Was there any preliminary ceremony? Did you fix an auspicious day and hour to begin tendering your evidence? Did you take care not to mingle with others lest their raiment should spoil the purity of your washed and dried clothes? Did you leave your shoes outside when you entered the hall of deliberation? It would be interesting to know, for the information of orthodox globe trotters, how you managed to get liquid for "the ceremonial sip of water" before begining your daily meal. Perhaps you took some gallons of Ganges water, for Father Thames would have supplied only oily water.

These are not idle questions, Acharyaji. These are real handicaps that beset conscientious sanatanists who goes to the alien soil to watch over the welfare of their Dharma. They would be happy to note that you refused to use the linen furnished in your flat I am sure, unless I am mistaken, that you would have got your rooms cleaned with cow-dung solution.

Anyhow, India rejoices that you are back. I presume you are now in meditation on the banks of the Ganges. But, pray, be careful. Let not the holy river overflow its banks in order to wash off your sins and thereby imperil your safety. No, Sanatana Dharma will guard you with its divine girdle of undiluted orthodoxy.

You have declared war against temple-entry. Well, it is your business-- the business of the Sanatanists-to see that the *chandalas* do not enter the temple and walk away with God. Aye that's the rub, as a Shakespearian character would say. Or rather that is the hub of all this controversy. You know, and we know, that God will certainly walk away with those downtrodden brethren of an artificial communal out-post, glad to be released from the restricted prison of ritualism. More reason therefore that you should rush to the defence and arrest of the Almighty. I am not sure whether God will be pleased to have your self-sacrificing help at this critical hour of divine despair.

Let the All-Powerful take care not to infringe the laws of Sanatana Dharma while under your obligation.

Yours humbly,
WRANGLER.

Surgery in Mid-Air

Lives saved by the Flying Ambulance

In a little room of a township on the edge of the wilds, the radio begins to jerk out its Morse message.

"...Request medical assistance at once by aeroplane for man suffering acute appendicitis..." decodes the operator.

The position is looked up on the map. Five hundred miles distant. A trackless waste of snow, or bush, or jungle which in the ordinary way would take a week to cover.

But within half an hour of that desperate appeal by radio the engines of an aeroplane are warming up. A telephone call has brought a doctor. With his bag of instruments, he steps into the machine,

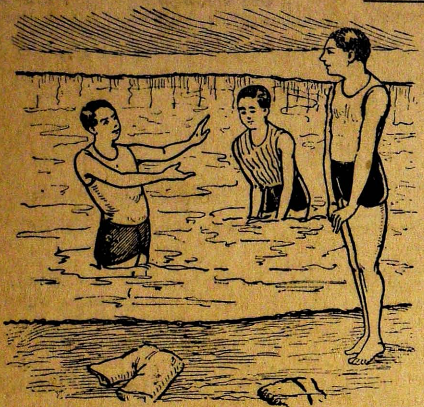
Five hours later the doctor is bending over his patient. The diagnosis is confirmed. He stretches out his hand for the instruments. In this lonely outpost in the wilds he begins a delicate, tricky operation.

Such is the day-by-day work of the flying doctor. In our big cities, where a doctor seems to live just round the corner, it is impossible to appreciate the value or the magnificent work of the flying doctor. But in the back-blocks of Australia or the silent white plains of Northern Canada, a wounded or diseased man may easily die for lack of medical attention.

That is why, for those who watch as well as those who are in pain, the flying doctor and his aeroplane ambulance is one of the greatest gifts that our mechanical civilisaton has brought to the wilds.

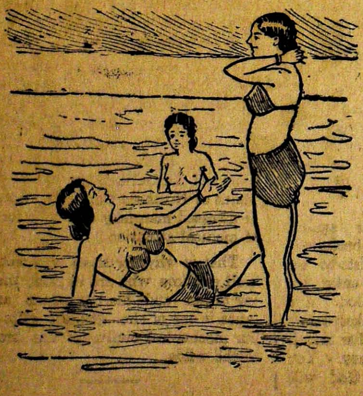
THE BATHING NYMPHS

THEIR PLAY, PRANKS AND PASTIME



Sea-bathing has its lures, its virtues and its rewards too. So, only natural that a band of three young men should go out to the sea and seek the spell of its waters.

But how can the girls—gushing with the new spirit of sea-daring and sea-adventure—help going out to the sea, at least for a bath? If girls will not dare the sea, whence the Indian Nelsons for the Indian Navy? So, Saroja, Susheela and Suchama take in the plunge.

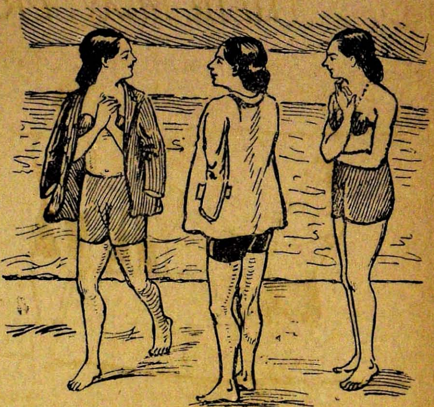


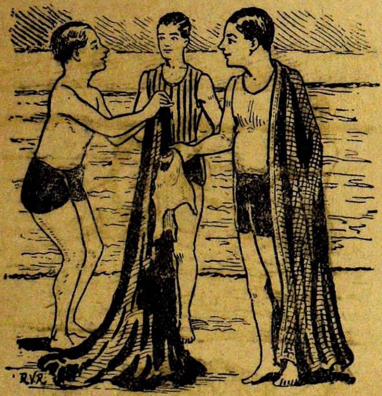
But the sea has a charm; its attraction will draw its victim, nobody knows whither: So many a frisk and many a freak takes them away, away from where they left their clothes: but, the stainless sinners, they knew it not.

THE BATHING NYMPHS

THEIR PLAY, PRANKS AND PASTIME

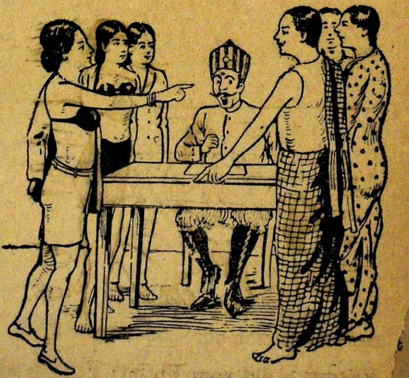
But, horrors! horror of horrors! Where is it all, by which they are to save and guard their dignity and innocence? Far as the eye could see, their sarees and all, have left not a trace; instead, some men's wear they see; they swear; yet, they get into them. What else could they do?





Yet, the sea has not treated the three young fellows better: their sea-games and sea-jokes over, they come out of water only to find them victims of the supremest of jokes: their shorts and shirts gone—and sarees and jackets instead! But sarees are better than going about as Adam did. But find they must—whom? The thieves or owners, which?

So they rush to the nearest Police Station aud cry: "How can it be under the Union Jack?" Now too rush in Saroja and the two, "How wrong? how wrong?" Alas, for the policeman: never was a policeman in such plight: Were they theives? Were they victims? Who lost? Who stole? Who can answer?



Hail! "JUSTICE," Defendor of the Depressed and Suppressed!

Three Guardian Angels Shower their Blessings on Thee.

Sir Pitty, Dr. Nair, Raja Panagal built and beatified Thee.

Harijan Cause Dearest to Dr. Nair, as most urgent in His Eyes.

Bobbili and Rajan bring back "Justice" to its old Temple.

Lovers of Old "JUSTICE": "Come, Come Back, Good Guide; may you once more champion our cause as you did, May your new supporters bear you from Victory to Victory as did your Former Friends whose spirits now shower their benignant blessings."

A MODEL MUNICIPAL MEETING.

THE MADRAS CORPORATION.

THE LORD MAYOR PRESIDING

THE Corporation met this evening under the presidentship of the Lord Mayor. The following resolutions were moved and discussed.

DIWAN BAHADUR G. N. CHETTY:

"In this six and odd feet that I command, with the numerical strength of every hair—and somebody said that they are all numbered-with every muscle in my body from the least to the strongest (a voice: a Hercules) and with every drop of blood (a voice: droppeth like gentle rain) I protest, emphatically protest, against the destardly outrage committed on Mr. Burge."

"I was in England for a few weeks. Everything is so wonderful there, I flew over to Berlin. Sir Samuel Hoare declared that he was happy. He assured there was peace in India, and prosperity in trade. I came back to India and Lord Willingdon chimes in with Krishnaji and says 'I am so happy' and 'I have found that happiness,' and a few days after, the Terrorists riddle Mr. Burge with bullets. What does that mean! I ask you (Satyamurthy and his followers: "What do you take us for? Terrorists? Not we! Not we!") "Mrs. Burge has suffered an inconsolable loss. And the truth is knocked out of Lord Willingdon's statement.

Thanks to the British Government we are soon to have the White Paper, but this terrorism will only make it waste paper, and send it to the basket where like papers go."

A voice: "We don't want the White Paper."

G. N. Chetty: "I have seen, and I have found out what is good for you. The Terrorists must be put down. I cannot, I will not allow such outrages in my country. There was bombing in our city and a revolver—loaded mind you—was found in the Governer's seat in our Legislative Council. Where will these things end? If such things continue I withdraw my support for the country's cause. This outrage has made my trip to England a complete failure."

A voice: "What went you there to see?"

G. N. Chetty: "I sailed, I saw, I flew and I fought my way back......

Sami V. Chetty: We believe you when you say you had been to England. Did you not pose for a photo at Victoria Terminus? We assure you, you have come out very well. We agree with your opinions and sentiments against the terrorists, but I would only like to ask you, what have you done for the youths of the country. Can you show any occassion when you interested yourself in their education and their activities? You have moved the resolution most admirably. But I am afraid that without sufficient sincere spade work Terrorism cannot be eradicated. We must put our shoulders to the wheel and strain every nerve and root out Terrorism. It won't do to move a resolution for the simple satisfaction of recording the resolution and the name of the mover in the minute book.

G. N. Chetty: I move that this House discountenances the outrage on Mr. Burge and wishes to convey its condolence on the irreparable loss that Mrs. Burge has suffered.

The resolution was unanimously carried.

Mr. Chakkarai Chetty: This house wishes to convey its deep sympathy to Mr. Sreeramulu on the death of his mother. We are sorry for the poor motherless boy. How can our Sreeramulu face the world as an orphan?

A voice: He had the face to do it before. Will he not have the face to do it now?

Mr. V. Chakarai Chetty: These remarks are not in order.
Cries of: order! order!

The Council passed the resolution standing.

S. Satyamurthy: On behalf of one of the members, and such other members under similiar circumstances, I move that this Council record its deep sense of sympathy for their departed aunts of fourth remove, grandmothers and all other oldest inhabitants who have ceased to inhabit.

I further move that this council record its pleasure on the brisk business of the near and distant relatives of our members of this Council.

And I wish to add that this Council congratulate the brothers and sisters of our members on their successes in the recent examinations: and extend to those who have not been successful, the hope that they would have better luck next time.

And to such of those who are in bed, the council pray for their speedy recovery. In this connection I just wish to suggest that the Fruit Stall on the Esplanade would supply them just the apples that would make the existence of the doctors as useless as the existence of the centegenarians......

Dr. U. Krishna Rao: I object to such statements. It has not been the tradition of this house to carry on any kind of propoganda. Least of all I cannot allow my learned friend to land the blow he meditates, upon my profession. This advice about apples infringes the rights of my profession.

S. Satyamurthy: I was carried away by the heart of the resolutions I was moving. I appologise to my friend in particular and to the profession in general,

Dr. U. Krishna Rao: It is no wonder; my friend is an adept in apologies, as this is not the first time that he does it.

The President: Order, order. I stop this discussion.

(*See page 12.*)

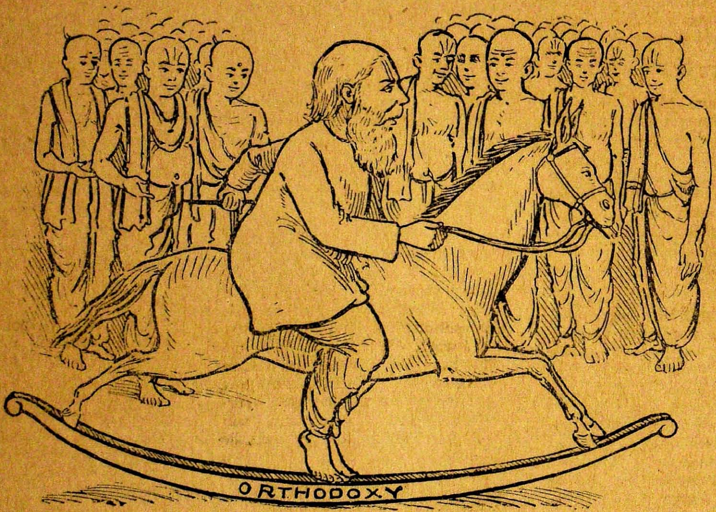
M. K. Acharya rides the Hobby Horse of Orthodoxy.

Acharya carries message of No-Reform to the West.

Plays the Reactionary Missionary against Modern Movements.

The Latest High Priest of Exploded Cult and Extinct Endeavours.

Poor Acharya! Attains the Bad Eminence of Bygone Beliefs.



Acharya's Admirers: "Acharya, Exponent of things Ancient, how well shines in you the Ideals of Ancient Times! May you gather yet greater courage to stick to Forms now fast forgotten or given up! How few like you in these degenerate days of Modernism!"

M. K. Acharya: "Health and Encouragement given me, Believe me, Friends, I shall carry aloft the Torch of Orthodoxy no matter how it is shook by changed Times; the more Ancient and reactionary my Cause, the more courageously I shall carry it—no matter whether Modern Men revile or scoff at me"

A MODEL MUNICIPAL MEETING.

Continued from page 10.

The resolutions of Satyamurthy were put to vote and carried. Dr. U. Krishna Rao dissenting.

Mr. Gadde Rangiah Naidu moved the following resolution:

...this council requests the commissioner to earmark a sum of Rs. 500/- ... to pay remuneration to persons who kill bandicoots at the rate of one anna per bandicoot, and instruct the Health Officer to give publication to this resolution by tom tom.

In moving this resolution I just wish to point out that bandicoots are a nuisance. Mark my words, I say bandicoots, and not rats. The people of my division did not complain of rats; but if they do, the rats must mend or end themselves. On the floor of this house I deliver my warning to the rats, let them beware. The bandicoots are a nuisance, I am not sure if some of them are not here. Wherever they are...

S. Satyamurthy: Are you referring to us, sir?

G. R. Naidu: Bandicoots? not bandicoots: to continue; wherever they are they must be exterminated. And again I wish to suggest that the tom tom be also beaten, and the announcement told out in the Corporation Broadcasting Station every day, for a week, between 6 & 6-30 p. m. Other music can stop for that time.

And again some of those relations for whom my esteemed friend Mr. Satyamurthy so generously and so courageously passed a resolution of congratulations on their successes in examinations, to all of them I give this opportunity to get busy. Were there bandicoots in England, Lloyed George or Ramsay Macdonald would have hit upon this plan...

A voice: But many bandicoots go to England...

President: Order! order!

G. R. Naidu: Yes, it is now my proud privilege to discover this panecea for unemployment.

Voices: Gadde Rangiah Naidu ki jai.

President: Order!

G. R. Naidu: Every young man, and every young woman can now go to every house and earn as many annas as they collect bandicoots.

Mr. Madanagopal Naidu, seconded the resolution.

Mr. Hamid Khan: I wish to suggest that the bandicoots should not be killed. If we kill cows or sheep they come back to us as meat, but what can we do with the bandicoots.

A voice: Why not eat them too?

Mr. Hamid Khan: That is where I draw the line between curry and cruelty. I warn this council, let us not Cain brand ourselves with the murder of bandicoots. I therefore suggest that the Corporation empower the Commissioner to make arrangements to ship the captured bandicoots to Andamans-a transportation for life

V. Chakarai Chetty: Some of these suggestions are not practicable. I suggest that the syphons and silt catchers be properly secured and covered.

A voicc: By lock and key?

The resolution was carried.

Mr. Shafi Ahmed: "...The council resolves to restrict the storing of hardware or working of machinary in residential quarters..." "Many of my people who live in several streets in my division and I am sure there are others also who live in several streets in my neighbouring division, who find it a great nuisance to have merchants dealing in hardware in their midst."

A voice: "What do you mean by nuisance?"

Mr. Shati Ahmed: "For example your interruption is a nuisance. To continue. I hope that the authorities will think twice before they grant license to some of the printing presses. In particular I will just mention two of them—The Tamil Nadu and the Indian Express—which cause the greatest amount of nuisance to my people living in several streets of my division. I am sorry for the others in the neighbouring division."

A voice: Pull out the mote in your own eye."

Dr. U. Krishna Rao: I second the resolution. But I associate myself only so far as the storing is concerned. Storing of hardware materials on the road side and on pials of houses prevents proper sanitation."

A voice: "Dr. Krishna Rao should be taxed on the fee he should have earned from the people living in the several streets of Mr. Shafi Ahmed's division."

The Commissioner assured that proper steps would be taken with regard to the erection of machinery. But he pointed out that it would be *ultra vires* to refuse licence for storing hardwares.

S. Satyamurthi: At this stage I feel it my bounden duty to speak for one and all. Though I represent only my division, I feel I must trespass my limits.

A voice: "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

S. S. "Suffering has been the badge of the sincere Swarajists. Prosecutions may come, and to jails I might have to go: I will have my say"

A voice: "Willy-nilly"

S. S. Mr. Hameed Khan objects to nuisance of the working of machinary and hardware business in his residential quarters. But to the radio in Triplicane beach, people living not only in the several streets of Mr. Hameed Khans division, but people living in the several divisions of this august city, come over there in the cool of the evenings, to listen to the music that this premier Corporation broadcasts for the pleasure of its citizens. In the radio, I say, there is a rumbling noise that tries to blend with the music. Just imagine the nuisance. You can neither hear the music nor the noise. We want the music, nevermind the noise altogether."

A voice: "Is it so bad as the rattle of the Tilak ghat hero on the sands close by?"

A member: I propose that Mr. Satyamurthy should procure a licence for creating those atmospheric disturbances."

Commissioner: "Noted. We will place the matter in one of the committees."

Mr. Sami Venkatachalam Chetty: A little calm thinking would have shown the absolute futility of this resolution. A good many businesses in residential quarters have been there for years; and in some cases the residential quarters grew around the business. I really do not see the useful purpose served in prolonging this discussion" ...... (message incomplete.)

"URBS"

"VILASINI'S WOOING"

Part—III. THE VERDICT

—:(o):—

New Readers Start Here.

PART I–THE CONSPIRACY. Vilasini was the only daughter of Gunasekhar, a rich merchant and his wife Malati. She was an intelligent girl and was well up in fine arts like music and painting. But she was rash in her actions and she delighted in dangers.

Once she courted trouble by going out on her cycle after dusk without carrying a light. And when accosted by a policeman she purposely let the cycle fall on him. He 'booked' her and the next day she had to pay a fine of five rupees.

She had two friends, Susila and Ann, who were also of the same mentality. Once at their suggestion Vilasini began to paint the form of a woman with a man's head. For that purpose the trio decided to abduct some one belonging to the "foolish sex." 'The foolish sex' 'the unfair Half,' 'the autocrats', 'the stony-hearts' and 'the big-bellies' were sobriquets used by them for men.

PART II.—THE BIG CATCH. Ram Ghir was a Student of Presidency College. He was a handsome young man of twenty. He lived in the hostel and had a Motor bike of his own.

One evening after a gruelling game of tennis and after an early supper, he went driving on his motor bike up and down the Marina. By 9 P. M. he was tired. He left the bike and went to the shore and slept away before he knew it.

Vilasini, Ann and Susila were in search for one of the 'Foolish sex' for their model. They came upon the bike and knew there must be one of the 'foolish sex' close by. They found Ram sleeping. They gave a small dose of chloroform to Ram Ghir and carried him unconscious in their Car.

Now Read On.

Part III—THE VERDICT.

RAM Ghir awoke with a peculiar feeling. There was some great discomfort—a feeling of being tied up and the limbs unable to move as usual, and there was some new taste on his tongue. Consciousness was dawning. Slowly Ram Ghir was beginning to notice things. Now he was fully awake and wanted to jump out of bed.

His hands were tied, his feet too.

Lying in bed Ram Ghir had thought of all the unpleasantness of which he had vague recollection, but he put them down to something he could not understand. But there were many things that Ram Ghir never understood, and that never worried him. On good many things Ram Ghir had his own opinion.

His professor was once lecturing away for a whole hour on Mind and Matter. Ram was apparently attending, but in reality his mind was away; when the bell was off, Ram could make nothing at all of the lecture. He left matter to mind itself and mind it did not matter anything in the least to him. But the great consolation was that he could get on quite well with his clubs and his tennis, and a good many other things, without any knowledge of mind and matter. Whether mind and matter were leading a happy married life or they were a disrupted family, never worried him.

But now Ram could not leave things to shift for themselves. His hands were tied, his feet were tied. That was rather unpleasant. Could it be a trick of his class mates? No! This was not his bed—a fine bed too. Surely he was not in his room. The pictures on the walls were different, the table, chairs the wardrobe! Why, that was certainly a ladies' wardrobe. Ram was sure that the wardrobe belonged to some lady, and no mistaking it.

The ropes round his hands and legs presented a knotty problem. Ram thought of the heroes of shilling shockers. But the shock—yes, he was even perspiring—was a genuine one. The mind began to turn in the matter. Ram knew that the hosts of heroes he had read about, were not looking about like a child at the zoo. Act, act to the living present, that is what they did. He would be up and be doing, and not keep quiet like an Egyptian mummy in a glass case. Again Ram thought of the sets he had won only the

previous evening. What would his friends at the club say if he told them that he was quite quiet. Well, he decided to do something. If could not be free for the sake of his friends, there was no doubt it would be pleasant to have at least the freedom of his limbs on his own account.

Ram determined that the perpetrators of this dastardly outrage would pay dearly for it. But he soon realised that it was wasting the time to think of doing the thousand and one things to the authors of this deed. He had to free himself first.

There was the window. He could hop up to it and attract attention, then he thought he could set the law in motion. Ram hopped up to the window. It was a disappointment. The window looked upon a back garden run into waste. Of course Ram concluded there could be no help from that quarter. Ram hopped back to the bed.

What about throwing himself against the door of the room. That would make some noise, but probably it might yield and he could escape.

There was a noise; Ram raised his head, the door opened! A girl closely masked entered the room.

Ram had never a greater shock in his life.

Ram the famous tennis player—was a captive of this girl—a slip of a girl. Ram could not believe his eyes, but he could not pinch himself into reality; for his hands were tied. He was just matter—and soft matter too—in her hands. Where was his mind? Ram swore a terrible oath against his mind. It had deserted him just when it was most needed.

In a flash Ram decided that he should muster all his tact to meet the situation. There was no danger. Ram was able to sense that—but what was worse if he could not cover himself with glory, he must strive his best not to cover himself with disgrace.

The girl stood before Ram motionless and severe. But Ram pulled himself up and was ready for an encounter.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" asked Vilasini.

Menacing and commanding was the attitude of Vilasini. She wanted to strike fear upon her captive and unsex him as best as she could.

Ram on the other hand was charmed to hear her speak. Ram saw through the lion's skin the very lamb.

"Who I am, you can find it out yourself, and you see what I am doing."

"Indeed I am not here to bandy words with you, answer my question straight, else you will repent your action," said Vilasini.

"You are not here to bandy words? I do admit it. The one kind of occupation that is not taken up as a profession. What you are here for, neither do I know, nor care; as for repentance I know and I will tell you; this is neither the time nor the place." Ram delivered this in slow and measured speech.

Vilasini now found out that she must be on her guard or she might come out very badly in this affair. She could not leave Ram to himself, and go out and discuss the situation with her friends. She had also to keep up her reputation. Ann and Susila must still consider her as their leader, they should have no chance to ridicule her.

Ram was looking at Vilasini. He noticed that she was thinking rapidly. His confidence in himself was gathering strength. This time Ram did not wait for her to begin.

"Fair lady—I should say beautiful but that black mask prevents me. I am not inquisitive, I am a student of Aesthetics and I know that masks make faces ugly. And your face is just that. But if you would only remove the mask, I should be so happy; but if that should not be your object, you would be doing yourself a great justice. For I am sure there will be no girl who would dress herself in spotless white and then sprinkle a few drops of ink. Have you seen the picture of Stephen's ink poured on the back of a dog? You remind me of that picture with the mask on. Ram drawled out and paused.

Vilasini flushed with anger. It looked as if she could very well paint the picture of her own head for the portrait of the unfair sex. Here was this young man—not bad too, quite handsome and looks as fit as a fiddle, humorous and seems to scoff at dangers—No! She would not think of all that. This young man was heaping insult over insult upon her. Her victim, her captive, was laughing within his sleeves, and the bold and daring Vilasini was being brow beaten. She will not allow that; she must hoist him with his petard, she......

"My dear lady, you asked me a short while I ago what I was doing: you see the morning is well advanced, your wrist watch will show you that. I want and very badly too—some toast and coffee. I want to be doing something, and you will see how well I do it. You know your under-trial prisoner is not on a hunger strike" Ram drawled out.

Poor Vilasini had got more than she had bargained for. But of course there was no harm if she gave the poor fish some feeding.

"Stay where you are and don't attempt any tricks" said Vilasini.

"Not if you deal fair," answered Ram.

Vilasini backed herself to the door, opened it and locked the room from outside.

Ram was not a whit better of than before. His hands and legs were still tied up. But there was one change. Ram now was buoyant with hope. In fact he was not anxious to change the situation.

Romance! Ram had got it. The one ambition of his life was very near being fulfilled. If he had encountered a man with gnarled looks with mask on his face, and cudgel in his hand. No! Ram would not think of them. Why spoil the time thinking of things that did not happen.

Here is a girl, and Ram is her captive. But Ram had discomfited her. He had sent her for his Chota-Hazri,

and he was sure he would have a fine chota. What should be the next step. Should he.........

The door opened, and Vilasini entered with a tray. Ram had guessed right. There was his chota. The rich flavour of fresh coffee was spreading in the room. The captive dictating to the captor, and the captor obeying the captive.

"My dear lady," began Ram.

"Here's something, and gorge it quick. I can't allow you to die of hunger" snapped Vilasini.

"A Barmicide feast indeed! How do you expect me to fall to all that with my hands tied up. But if you must have my hands tied up you will surely feed me with your hands. I would be so happy if you could just oblige me that way" exclaimed Ram.

Vilasini could not resist the force of the truth in Ram's statement. But from the beginning up till now Vilasini had the worst of it. And it has now come to feeding him herself. She must stop the rot.

Vilasini pulled herself up:

"You have been talking away a great deal, and I have been watching you with some interest. So that's your depth of intelligence. Now look here and don't disturb me: I will untie your hands—mind you none of your monkey tricks—take your breakfast quickly and get ready for a pose," exclaimed Vilasini.

"What pose?" queried Ram.

"I have painted the picture of a woman and I have left out the head. I wanted to land in a poor fish like you. I will now paint your head with the body of a woman."

"Indeed! that's funny. I agree whole heartedly but just one condition. Surely you won't grudge that," pleaded Ram.

"What's the condition?" asked Vilasini.

"The head should resemble mine, and the body should be an exact copy of yours. You know the 'Two in One' boot polish, we will be just that. I am the brains and you will be the body, yes I remember, I will be the mind and you will be the matter".

"Your condition? Why, it is sheer impudence. So that is how you look upon the other sex. My dear Sir......

"You can omit the sir" interjected Ram.

"Sir, listen to me and don't prattle. I have the greatest contempt for men and their manners. My mission in life is to make them understand certain things, Freedom for women—that is what I am fighting for. I am going to make this a land where the woman will wear trousers. I will....

"...do quite a lot of things besides all that you have said. But you have just entirely forgotten that I have not had my chota as yet. Even to wage war against men you must keep them alive I suppose. Surely you want two to make a quarrel. You are one, and if you want me to be the other please don't starve me to death," put in Ram.

Once again Vilasini had to face a defeat. But there were other things that were occupying her mind. Though her opinions were not much in favour of men, still she felt that the youug man before her was like a specimen. Like all specimen she found Ram very good; and as the bulk of goods do not generally agree with the speciman, so Vilasini concluded, that her opinion of men can suffer no change, but Ram was only an exception like the specimen.

Yes, the young man did interest her. She was even sorry that he had not tasted his chota. Vilasini had now to decide between her reputation as a man-hater, and the affections that were slowly stealing over her in favour of Ram.

Did Vilasini love Ram? Yes, she could feel a peculiar feeling in the heart—a feeling which she could not fathom. A feeling of happy companionship in the presence of Ram, the feeling of being alone with just the man; away from prying eyes and idle curiosity.

She untied his hands.

Vilasini went up to Ram; but warned him to be quiet till she released him. Ram acquiesced. Slowly she untied the knot and released the hands. Ram was very happy. But in a moment Ram decided to take everything by the forelock: and everything was fair in love or war.

The moment that Ram gained freedom to move his hands, he dived out one hand and before Vilasini could know it, tore the mask from her face.

The man-hater was unmasked. Ram was struck by her beauty. He was infatuated. But quick as he was, he did not wish to yield so easily. He pulled out his cigarette case, opened it and pulled out a small photo.

"Do you know who this person is? my dear......lady" put in Ram.

"Why that looks like my photo, how dare you do this" in a fit of indignation.

"Love laughs at laws, sweet girl, I have seen you on many evenings walking on the marina; to see you was to love you and so decided to keep seeing you even when you were not on the marina. The camera helped me."

Vilasini was abashed. Could she say that she also loved him. But then she thought she would just try and send home a fine joke before she gave herself up to him.

"People in love carry the photo of their sweet-hearts somewhere near the heart, but the lover of this lady carries her photo in cigarette case. I just want to know, if modern men have no heart at all, or that they have transferred the seat of the heart to the cigarette case?"

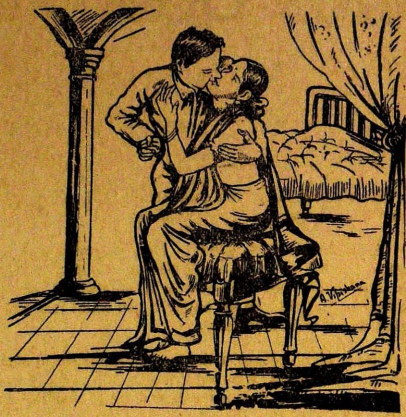
Ram glanced the thrust.

"I don't believe in people keeping such photos in the inside pockets of their coats or shirts. They might be just as conscious of the photo as they are conscious of their shirts. But a cigarette case is different. I smoke a good many cigarettes a day, and every time I open it, I have a good many looks at you. What chances have I to look into my heart as I have to look into my case. And.................."

So saying Ram slowly untied the strings round his legs. Vilasini was wrapt in attention; she did not notice that Ram had come very near her. In fact Ram had placed his arms around her, and he was drawing her towards him. Vilasini was startled from her stupor, she tried to shake him off. It was too late, her efforts to disengage only tightened his grip. Vilasini gave up the struggle. Ram noticed the change. She had resigned herself to his caresses and seemed to enjoy the cosy comfort of his embrace.

Ram kissed her, would she prevent him! No. She longed for more, and there was no dearth of kisses so far as Ram went.

* * *



Ram Kissed her in reply.

"I love you Vi" gushed Ram.

"I love you Ram dear boy" lisped Vi. and Ram delivered the verdict "Till death does separate us, you shall be my wife, and me only serve, this is the sentence I award for using chloroform with criminal intention, abduction, and false imprisonment."

"I submit to your Lordship's ruling. I am prepared to march to my cell" giggled Vilasini.

Ram kissed her in reply.

FINIS.

—:(o):—

Apply for Free Literature.

'Lost or impaired vitality, Diabetes, Mellitus and Social diseases posted free; Sufferers write for literature pertaining to cure.'

'Fortune-teller reading for three months, send date, time of thought and annas eight for the defrayal of writing expenses.'

'Furnished apartments suitable to a gentleman with folding doors.'

'Lost an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle.'

'Lost a dog by a man on Sunday evening answering to Fido with a brass collar round his neck.'

'Wanted by a respectable girl, her passage to London; willing to take charge of children and a good sailor.'

A good stylish bicycle for sale by a young lady enamelled black and geared to seventy.'

'Wanted a room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long.'

'Child lost. Parents grateful, finder apply in person.'

'Wanted fine ladies aged sixty or thereabouts as chaperons' N in 'fine' is a misprint for V so we have to presume.

'A second-hand Citroen car for sale, as good as new, in excellent running condition owner going home with four cylinders.'

'Tenders for supplying sleepers' I hope even pedagogues are not excluded from applying.'

'Wanted a night-peon who will not sleep in his watch.

T. RAJAGOPALACHARY, B. A.

—:(o):—

FROM DODDA BETTA

BY JAI SANKAR.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SHOT.

SIR Shanmukham fired a random shot at the Parliamentary manners of the world while entertaining His Excellency Lord Willingdon at a dinner just on the eve of the autumnal session of the assembly at Simla. The President's references to the primitive, zoological sounds he heard in the British Houses of Parliament, and to the possible source of inspiration for Darwin to formulate his Theory of Evolution and Descent of Man, are still reverberating in the whispering galleries of India. The Viceroy is said to have taken "strong exception" to this vagrant shot of the Ottawa Knight, and H. E. Lord Willingdon delighted the entire Dinner Party by his assurance that nothing indecent or inarticulate ever issued out of the "Mother of Parliaments."

"A DETENU"

Sir Shanmukham could not resist the temptation to tread the forbidden track. His position as President of the Assembly precludes him from active participation in the discussion on the coming reforms. Perhaps his swarajist activities of the past might have reminded him of the irksomeness of the position he now holds, and he gave expression to the right sort of truth when he said that he felt himself like a "detenu" in these stirring days of Swaraj making in the country. He had his full say on the vital question when he uttered the warning that delay in the introduction of reforms,—whatever they may be—would be disastrous. Liberals, yes, our happy-go-lucky liberal friends may run into raptures of exultation over this; our moderate "Mandarins" of Madras may even pat Sir Shanmukham on his back for this. But, Congressmen, *if there are any in the country*, can only sympathise with him in his present 'detention" in the Presidential Box."

RECIPRCCAL WISHES.

The President of the Assembly desired that Lord Willingdon should continue tc be the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, until such time as Indians are fairly well advanced on the road to Self-Government, or in other beautiful words, on the road to "Swaraj under the King-Emperor." His Excellency revealed to us the fact that Sir Shanmukham is his political "Godson," and very naturally he lavished his blessings on him and hoped that his "Godson" would have a brilliant career in the "India in Transition" and in the "India of To-morrow."

Congratulations, therefore, to the first South Indian President of India's official "Parliament." ! ! !

Preference

The house surgeon at a private asylum met a patient in an irascible mood.

"What's the matter with you this morning?" he asked.

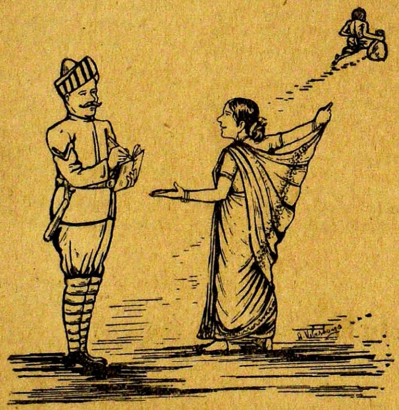
"I want to get married, doctor," was the reply.

"Get married!" repeated the doctor, "How old are you?"

"Fifty-seven," replied the patient.

"Then I suppose you would like a wife of about fifty?"

"Well, sir, if it's all the same to you," muttered the would-be bridegroom, "I'd rather have two at twenty-five."



Lady : (Whose things were snatched away): "Constable, Constable!"

Constable : "Yes, madam, don't excite yourself. What is the matter?

Lady : Why, dont you see for yourself? There is the thief running away with my baggage. Catch, catch him."

Constable: Don't fear, madam. The law will help you. But, then, let me know: What is your name?

Lady: "Kasturi Ammah"

Constable : "Do you belong to this town or what?"

Lady: "I come from Tanjore. But then the fellow is already disappearing. Can't you pursue him?"

Constable : "I must have complete information about the value of the things, the list of the things, and many other things equally important." The enquiry is proceeding.

THE GRANT ROAD GHOST

BY K. M. TALAGERI, (SAGAR).

"Room—13"

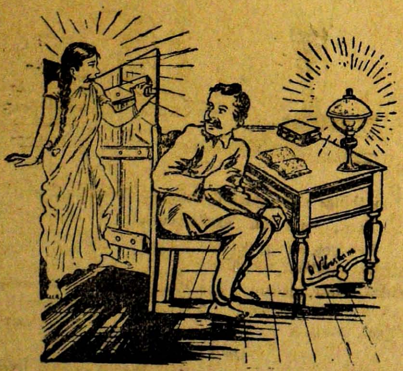
IT was past midnight. All was dumb, save for the distant barking of the watch-dog and the occasional whizzing of the electric locomotive. My mind was a whirlpool of ideas. There reigned a Cimmerean darkness about the place. A cold sweat ran all over me. I shuddered to realise that I was sleeping alone in the fifth storey room of my dead friend. And that at such an unearthly hour! I had never divined that my friend's lot would be so cruel. Yet, chance had brought me to that colossal building in Grant Road. Then, why the devil did I stay there? Was it because I loved my friend so much? Would it not have been safer to return to my residence at Bandra? With such thoughts assailing me, I was in an overwhelming state of weird frenzy.

The Ghost Appears.

All at once, my heart gave a thud. It was a tap at the door. An icy chill ran through me. And my blood almost froze. The idea of screaming aloud for help suggested itself to me. But I could not catch my flying senses. I went dizzy. And in that psychological state, a singular inflush of courage seemed to make me face the inevitable boldly.

The bolted door opened slowly on its strong hinges, in a ghostly silence! And there stood in my full view, a luminous out-line of a woman, in silvery hair, with a shadowy spade in hand. My hair brizzled and I sat stupified. I tried in vain to reach for the switch of the room light. But the apparition moved slowly into the room.

"Don't you be afraid! I come here to rescue you,—for, your life is in danger. And now,—follow me or you are undone!"—with these words, she slowly glided down the stairs. And I, with fresh courage and hope, followed her till she stopped short at the lonely dark corridor of the fourth storey. "Come to that yonder garden, off the out-house," was her peremptory command. And I obeyed it,—almost instinctively. Then she disappeared! A short time after, I was on the road, having done the steps noiselessly. The electric lights on the road were still on. There was no visible movement of persons nearby. But, I could hear the loud talk of the porters at the Railway Station. The Street beggars lay smoking on the foot-path near the closed shops. I looked into my watch. It recorded ten minutes past two. Some mysterious pluck goaded me to my rendezvous.



........The Door Opened.

The Mystery Deepens.

What a surprise when I saw the apparition already waiting there! I watched her in mystified silence. There she stood, all effulgence against the darkness of the garden. The hands slowly moved the spade, raising a cloud of dust that shone faint yellow in the halo of her radiance! As I began to wonder what would happen next, a heavy mass of human form, in trousers and coat, was unearthed! An indescribable sense of horror seized me. "Come to rescue you". The words rang in my ears! For the body was that of my dead friend!

The next moment I turned my gaze on her, I saw her extending to me a folded piece of paper. I trembled horribly as I snatched it from her. And lo! she vanished without a word!—leaving me in utter darkness again!

I could not stay in that fiendish quarter a moment longer. I ran I did not know where. I felt as one who had run amuck. Suddenly, I struck against something hard and fell unconscious.

The Police Search.

It was broad day light when I awoke and found myself in the Police Station. I wondered what it was all about. The doctor was examining me. Surrounding me, were a few Policemen, in uniform, and the Detective Inspector. Every face wore an anxious expression. It was evident from their looks that they meant no harm to me. In fact, they seemed to prize my life ever so much.

I broke the silence. My first question to the Tec was, "Where am I, and what are you doing with me?" Raising his eye-brows, he looked at me for a minute, and then, thrust the morning news-paper into my hands. What attracted my attention was the bold head-lines on the front page: "MYSTERY MURDER AT GRANT ROAD—DEAD BODY RECOVERED—A NOVEL CLUE FROM THE FRIEND OF THE DECEASED— MURDERER ARRESTED." When I saw my name in such a bold

print, my brain reeled, as it were with the horrid impressions of the ghostly night. I could read it no further.

And when the inspector removed the paper from my hands, I came to myself. Suddenly, I remembered something. My hands dived into my pockets. "Don't get excited," said the doctor, rather impatiently, "you're weak. And you need rest." I stared at him. And then at the inspector. "Where,—where—I began almost gasping for breath; but, before I could proceed, the detective, with a half-suppressed chuckle, said, "That's alright, man, I've the thing with me." "What?" I asked him, all abroad. "The mystic note," replied he with a grin. My heart gave a jump. And I asked him to let me see it at once, or I should go mad. "No, not so soon, my man," he said, with his bright eyes twinkling all the time, "but you must tell me first whether you've seen the contents already." "No, not a word of it," I assured him.

The detective then dismissed everyone in the room, and proceeded to talk to me. "That note," he said, after a thoughtful silence, "was found in your pocket, when we picked you up unconscious at Grant Road, early this morning. It has been precious to me,—perhaps, more precious to you. For, while it has saved my prestige, it has saved your life! Well, be that as it may,—now tell me everything that had happened from the moment you entered the Room 13, till you became unconscious". I narrated him the whole incident, without keeping anything dark. "Wonderful!" exclaimed the detective, with his inevitable chuckle, "now, read this "Mystic note" for yourself."

Mystery Solved

I read it and marvelled at the contents. In it was written, in a feminine hand, a graphic account of my own incident, as narrated by the apparition, as also of the mysterious murder that had taken place before. The letter ended with the words: "...the murderer is not at large, as the Detective Inspector imagines. He must be taken by surprise this morning at five minutes past seven, at Crawford Market, in front of shop No. 26," signed: The departed wife of the departed husband."

A CASE OF SELF-RESPECT.

1st Employment seeker: "I say, how is it you don't get into this Rodney Firm as you used to?"

2nd Ditto: "I don't go to a place where you don't get respect"

1st Employment seeker: "How do you mean?"

2nd Ditto: "Just look at that insulting bit of a board hanging there. That doesn't show these people know any manners."

"Won't you sing, Mr. Brown?"

"I'm sorry, but really I only sing in the bath."

"Oh, do sing; and I'll tell the other guests you haven't had much practice lately."

* *

Boy Scout (at breakfast table): "I've done my good turn for the day."

Father: "You've been very quick."

Boy: "Yes, but it was very easy. I saw old Mr. Smith going for the 7.45 train, and he was frightened les' he'd miss it, so I let the bulldog loose and he arrived just in time."

* *

Caller: "Good morning, Mrs. Smith. I believe you sent for a locksmith?"

Mrs. Smith: "Yes, come in. We've lost the key of the tin of sardines."

* *

Producer: "If I make you a star you must lead a life of strict decorum."

Actress: "But can't my understudy do that?"

* *

A business man had a notice on his door: "Burglars! This door is fitted with electric alarms. If it is touched in any way the police will automatically come here at once."

One morning on reaching the office he found a second notice which read: "Thanks for the tip. We broke through the wall instead."

* *

"Here, boy," said the wealthy motorist. "I want some petrol, and please get a move on! You'll never get anywhere in the world unless you push. Push is essential. When I was young I pushed and that got me where I am."

"Well, guv'nor," replied the boy "we ain't got a drop of petrol in the place, so I reckon you'll have to push again!"

A CHAPTER OF DUBIL.

BY TASVAL.

MY dear unemployed Reader! Don't despair. I have come to your rescue like Portia to the Venitian Jew. Cheer up dear friend and look upon thy Saviour. Cock your ears and just listen to me.

Success is certain, if you get yourself talked about; it does'nt matter in what direction, positive or negative. Sing forth your praises and some of them will stick. If you cannot sing for yourself, then speak through the press; for journals, you know, make or mar the man; more often the latter.

You knit your brows in impatience Are you fed up with sermons so soon? Then I must not delay. Now this is the secret. Come close to me, friend, for there may be eavesdroppers about us. Do you want to earn publicity? Cut your throat with a sharp knife; please! My dear man! Don't hiss forth curses at me. I am not joking. I say this in all sincerity If you are diffident in the use of knife, why not try poison or diamond dust? Make your own choice between the two. Two gallons of the one or a bushel of the other will do for you. You need not be under any apprehension as to their respective merits. But do you still doubt me? Then mix both and swallow them wholesale. You seem to be very anxious to know whether I have made the experiment myself. Now this is a question which I cannot answer. A doctor, you know, prescribes medicine, but he will not take the medicine, if he suffers the same malady as yourself, for he knows the stuff.

By the by, have you heard of Dubil the Hindu correspondent? Not to know him is to be an ignoramus, but to know him is a very costly thing. If you meet him by chance in the streets, he will take you to the coffee club at your own expense. Woe unto you, if you happen to have left the money-purse at home, for you will be deserted at the counter to account for all the dishes you and Dubil have conjured away. It has been said of Catham that none entered his closet without coming wiser out of it. Similarly it can be said of Dubil that none talked to him for an hour without getting his purse deflated. Age cannot wither his enigmatic smile nor custom stale his infinite variety. When Robespierre smiled at a friend, it was to wish him good-bye to the guillotine. When Dubil smiles, you march with him to the coffee club. That is all the difference between the leader of the Revolution and the leader of city gossip.

I hear you murmur that I am gossiping. Oh! Pardon me. It is a damned legacy of my infectious friend. (The adjective is not to be understood literally, for Dubil cracks eighty nuts every morning and gulps down a gallon of tea without even a wink) A few days back while we were at cups,—don't mistake it for British Beer or is it German; of course I cannot swear as to the morals of my companion,—in the "Ananda Lunch home". I got him to send the following news to the "Hindu." "Last Monday night, Balasubramanian a student of National college, Trichy, committed suicide, having failed in the B. A. Examination in Part II Tamil. As he was coming from Srirangam to Trichy over the Railway Bridge, he jumped down into the river below. His body is yet to be found." A week after its publication another report appeared in the columns of the "Hindu" "The news of the tragedy of Balasubramanian has been found out to be based on false information. He was actually seen by an eye-witness dusting the books in the National College library, exactly two days after his alleged death." It is needless to disclose to you the author of this mischief. If you cannot find him out, it is not my fault. Exercise your common-sense and please don't depend on me for that commodity.

If you want to get your photo published in the front page of journals, then the best thing for you is to go to jail. You need not tremble at this idea. Don't think for a moment that I am so heartless as to ask you to start picketing like congress volunteers and get your skulls broken; I hope it is strong enough for even such encounters. My suggestion is a harmless one. Borrow a lot, refuse to repay and march to prison. But take care to whisper to Dubil over a cup of coffee. The next day you will be the hero of a hundred journals as the martyr who marched to prison on behalf of no-tax campaign.

We need not dwell at length on the efficacy of fasting. It is a weapon wielded by the noblest and the meanest, to purge the impurities of the soul by the former, to secure the approbation of the multitude by the latter, a power in the hands of the great, a meaningless symbol in the hands of the vain.

If you have a taste for music and can make out a tune from a moan or a wail, then try the stage, especially the South Indian theatre. But don't be afraid of rotten eggs and a shower of shoes. Or rather you may take refuge in gramaphone records and wreak your vengeance on the multi-headed mob for your mishaps on the stage. If none of these suits your talent, which, by the way, must be a very peculiar one, even then your case is not hopless. Book your passage in the next steamer westward bound, and set sail to London for the ensuring conference at public expense.

N. B. Dubil is hunting for you high and low to keep you company to Europe. Beware of your pocket.

Jones: "Who was that man you just raised your hat to?"

Brown: "Oh, that was my barber, He sold me a bottle of hair-restorer a month ago, and whenever I meet him I let him see what a fraud he is."

* *

Mistress: "The last maid I had was too fond of policemen, Mary. I shall expect you to avoid them?"

New Maid: "Don't worry about that, ma'am, I 'ate the sight of 'em. My father is a burglar."

• •

Nurse: "You *are* slow! Look how quickly Joan gets undressed."

Barbara: "Yes, but she's practising to be a film star."

* *

"How's your daughter's golf?" asked one grande dame of another.

"She says she is going around in less and less every week."

"I don't doubt that. I asked about her golf."

"MY FRIENDS"

BY 'INCOGNITO-MADURA.'

PART II

Mr. C. P. R. Gem.

THOSE who have heard of our Mr. Sen, could have also seen him ere this. But dear readers, don't bother him with unnecessary questions, lest he becomes infuriated, all the more because he is now exposed to the Public through the cunning Bhai Funzin. We may meet him again some time later, within which, "time" will make his anger appeased.

We shall now pay a visit to our Mr. Gem (a gem of his kind indeed!) There are gems of various kinds, the ruby, the diamond, the topaz and the emerald and there are gems too! But our gem is indeed a gem and more than all these, as you will come to know presently.

Situate near the market cross of a country-town was his house, and the noise and bustle of the ever-running cars, carts and the pedastrians-walks, made our Gem frown; and at times he acted like a Clown barking wild like a thirsty blood-hound.

Our Sen P. W. D., with this Gem, was once a best Chum; in the evenings, these two could be found hand-in-hand a-walking each chatting and patting with the other, in spite of the bad weather. It was on such a nice occasion as these that I made my acquaintance with this gem of a friend.

Chandra-Pala-Rajayogem (in short C. P. R. Gem) requested me the next morning to go with him for coffee to his residence; I for my part, never failed to attend any invitation, especially from friends of this sort; and my friends have known me to be always answering at the first request.

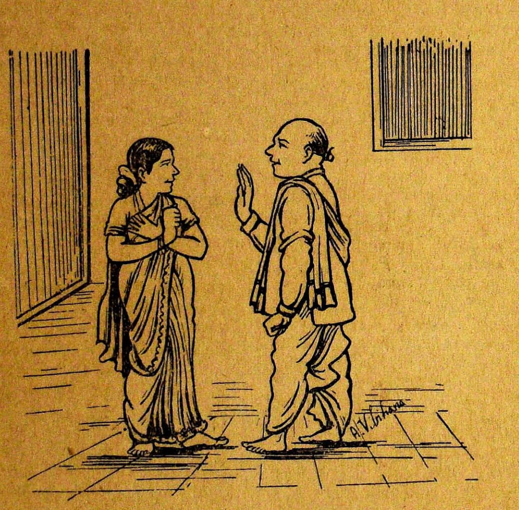
This Gem is jolly at times, save the hours when Saturn influences his jovial moods. But he is a keen business man, dealing in glass, clothes, spices and salads and suchlike sundries that could find a quicksale in a place like his. His curious place of business was a small booth in an out-of-the-way place and his Clerk, Salesman, Chokra and Manager was an ill-bred lad, of qualities bad, at times very mad, and on seeing his boss enter, very sad.

We reached his house by walk through the cross-cut, and jumping over a hedge to save time, I had to perform some circus-feats and a very sharp thorn found its way into the left leg, of course remaining there with the stubborn refusal to come out, as if it had a hereditary right, to remain there till the arrival of the doctor; I was partly limping and mostly jumping the whole way, and we had scarcely reached his threshhold, when I found him shudder as if from shiver; or perhaps a devil caught him at that moment; I was rather surprised to see his dwelling, a tiny house with a troublesome spouse, as I then found it to be.

I questioned him whether he had any issues, as was always my custom when accosting a friend of mine after the lapse of some years; and our Gem immediately replied in active preparation' God only knows what he meant by this. I, on the other hand, found a blooming lass of sweet sixteen with searching looks and well-cut features just step out. On seeing me, a stranger, she drew inside and winked at her husband and beckoned to him to go in, leaving me outside, as if she had some very urgent piece of news to thrust into his head. Though these happened in the twinkling of an eye. I immediately noticed these and kept quiet.

Ah! my dear comrades, the lasses of this twentieth Century are upto any

MINDFUL OF THE FUTURE.



Bhadrayana (rather aged to his young and pious-minded wife): I wonder what you will do if I die to-day, "Thilaka!"

Thilaka: "I shall carry out your directions about the Poor, the Blind and the Aged. But, if only you can arrange about our gifts to schools and Feeding Homes, that will save plenty of worry for me!"

sort of mischief and mystery though they seem to be made entirely of 'sugar and spice and all that is nice' and have two sparkling innocent eyes; a lad will never marry to be wise, for the whole folly lies in this: for the fellow finally dies unable to bear his wife's vice, to commit suicide, tries: Good Heavens! how I wish to be a bachelor all my life!

Our Mr. Gem excused himself for a few minutes and stepped in, of course with the inward fear of an actor in Circus when he is thrust into the case of a live-lion for his part of the play; I sat wondering at all these, but soon overheard some harsh words and a quarrel inside, in which Mr. Gem (Miss Jeevamma) took the active and heroine's part) with momentary stretch-outs of her limbs; I heard some rattling noise and understood that the brass vessals that badly needed a lead-quoting were hurled on and around our Mr. Gem from inside the kitchen and there was a quarrel that the saree brought that morning by the merchant Goppu Chetty was not purchased. The cow to be milked was waiting in the backyard often lowing aloud ere she had her outings throughout the village for the day. This sort of dramatic performance lasted for a few minutes and our Gem, then came out to see whether I remained there still or had gone away;

But, I was deeply immersed in witnessing the fight that ensued between a spider and the fly that had fallen in her web, just above the entrance door, and I was overhearing all the conversation inside; Mr. Gem, excused himself for having made me wait outside and said that he would be calling me in within a couple of minutes more and stepped inside the house again;

The wonder of it all was, I saw him go to the backyard with a vessel to milk the cow and immediately on seeing her master (or mistress's servant) the cow stopped lowing; I saw all that happened through an opening in the wall. No sooner had Mr. Gem sat down to milk the cow, than he received two or three quick kicks from her legs right and left and also a cut from her tail as with a whip.

The sight of our friend Mr. Gem was a pitiful one; Oh Ye Indians! Married men! Ye happy couples! fathers! parents! Please take care, lest the same is also our lot in the act of our married-life with a nice lass; Mrs. Gem was perhaps satisfied with her hubby's part in the enactment of the morning-milking play, since she was found neither to go to his immediate help nor did she ask him anything about his endeavours to milk her (the cow, of course!)

My friend cleaned his face, changed his dress, and as if nothing untoward had happened, and all those things were only a daily routine, he came out and stood mute and dumb as a carved pillar of an Indian temple; I immediately put him the question "Shall we make a move?" and with a 'Oh! Yes!' he stepped out and began to walk straight, with his head high, as if he had just then won the highest prize in the world.

I laughed in my sleeve, but talked to my friend of all other things but his own and as my leg began to ache badly, I breakfasted with him in the nearby Lunch home—a hotel considered to be the best in the neighbourhood, since the hotelwallah readily gave credit even to those not at all acquainted with him; heaven only may account for his coffee or cakes; I paid the Bill for both of us and began to move homewards, when Mr Gem stopped me and addressed "Mr. I was a bit inconvenienced this morning on account of the sudden illness of my wife and I am sorry for having troubled you to no purpose; Please excuse me; I would be very much delighted to have your company at dinner to-morrow and I hope you would oblige a friend of yours to please him and to enjoy your company:" I wondered whether the fellow had anything in his head or his upper-story was vacant; but I with my 'Righto-Oh Yes!' walked with long and irksome steps to my residence a furlong or so off; thus, my patient comrades, that morning's scene was not at all erased out of my memory for some days:

The loveliest rose has but a thorn!
The loveliest lass is but ill-born!!

Charlie: "My aunt sent me a cheque for my birthday."

Edgar: "Good. Now you can pay me that pound you owe me."

Charlie: Just wait while I tell you the rest of my dream,"

She (concluding the quarrel, haughtily): "I suppose you would like your ring back?"

He (politely): "I would, rather—unless you can find somebody to take over the remaining instalments."

* *

"What does this mean—'*nota bene*'?"

"Penniless, I should say."

* *

She: "What do you mean by telling your boy friend that I was deaf and dumb?"

Other She: "I didn't say deaf."

* * *

"He's always giggling, that fellow."

"A real he-he man, eh?"

* *

A Scot appeared in an English police-court, his head swathed in bandages. An Irishman, charged with assaulting him with a kettle, pointed to the injured party and said, scornfully:

"Those bandages are all show. He was walking about without them yesterday."

"Is that true?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes," replied the Scot. "I wanted to keep them clean for to-day."

* *

Persistent Tramp (successful at last) "Thanks, ma'am. Is there anything I can do by way of return?"

Housewife (shortly): "Yes—don't.'

* *

"I know what you're thinking about," he said.

"Well, why don't you?" she whispered. "Nobody's looking."

* *

"Why are you rushing about like this on a hot day?"

"I'm trying to get something for my husband."

"Had any offers?"

* *

I think it's a disgusting state of affairs when one reads of comedians earning more than Cabinet ministers!"

"Oh, I don't know. On the whole they're funnier!"

* *

"Dear, I believe I've got Sciatica.'

"I can't see what fun you find in getting those foreign stations."

COURTS FOR COWARDS.

BY R. S. R.

About half-past nine in the Night.

Vellayan, on his way home, saw some one like Karuppan just passing him. "Hallo, who there? Karuppan?" shouted the former. But, the latter did not deign to stop and answer. Vellayan's suspicion became a certainty. "Hey, coward, why are you running away like a beaten dog?" cried out Vellayan.

His manhood, piqued, Karuppan came back and confronted the other with his august and awful presence. "Running away. Let me see who has to. Out with your say" said Karuppan and simultaneously shortened the intervening distance.

Vellayan was not a bit annoyed at this unexpected move and managed to spurt out, 'Well, you know you can't assume airs. What about the promissory note you have executed to me."

"Well, as for airs, they are my choice. But I suspect something has gone to your head. Anyhow, you may keep the note to yourself. I shall not trouble you to return it, though I may with impunity, at this time of night and with none to bear witness," was the collected reply of Karuppan.

Vellayan, caught a vision of the loss of his fortune and the ruin of his home. He had but given his all to the other. His blood began to boil. His hands strayed towards the fringe of Karuppan's pink loin cloth, and before he had half said "Down with the cash else..." he felt a violent fist on his jaw and began to spit out blood and loose teeth. Reeling under the effect of the stunner, Vellayan whined out "see you later..." and made a move.

"Not one word more. Tarry, you are done for. Take yourself away. I give you a minute" shot out the answer.

Safety first. Vellayan had had it inculcated in him and hence took to his heels by a bye-lane. Karuppan shot out a parting 'choo'-o-o towards the retreating figure and went away singing to himself a popular tune.

The monosyllabic hunting call caught the ears of the wayside watchdogs which commenced chasing Vellayan. He had not even the time to collect his scattered wits and found it hard work to dodge a whole pack of pursuers eager to give him a taste of their teeth. His fleet feet at last landed him in a police station, when he fell down gasping for breath.

The constable on duty—just then more alert in the astral plane—felt a sudden pull at his consciousness, and came to look at the haunted expression of the man at his feet.

"Well, my man, come out with your yarn. Seen a ghost, eh? What have you been up to?' questioned the constable.

Still, half dazed, Vellayan babbled something about a fist, blood and all else, but none too coherently.

The officer was but half awake and his imagination readily made out a drunken brawl. "Now, my man, will you confess to it or shall I haul you up for drinking, disorderly conduct, and disturbing a Vigilant officer of His Majesty's Forces in the discharge of his duties at the dead of night" rang out the constable.

"Bless my Fates. I simply dun him for my debt, and get instead quite a stunning blow. Here, you follow up with accusations of......" wailed Vellayan.

"My dear man," said the officer "Even if I should believe you, which I cannot, I should still hold you liable for infringement of the law. You had no right to demand your debt except by a polite notice sent through the Post. You would then have placed distance and discretion between you and your debtor. But, on your own admission you made a noisy clamour for it in the public street for which there is no provision or protection in law. Then you tried to interfere with the liberty of movement of a citizen of the Empire, the consequences whereof you well deserved. The law, in its wisdom, has 'courts for cowards erected.'

The poet says 'A fig for those by law protected.' But I know the law has progressed with the times. It now gives you a decree instead of a fig. Take, pickle, preserve and sweeten it. Or cultivate the taste to eat it raw, if you don't want to lose the vitamins. I have discovered in you patience. Pray, go and develop asininity. Good-bye.

A man on holiday had been told he would find splendid sport on the lower reaches of the creek and along the lagoons bordering the river.

Gun in hand, he wandered for miles without getting a shot, and was crossing a bridge on the way back to the hotel in the late afternoon when he met a small freckled boy.

"Is there anything to shoot about here?" he asked.

The boy scowled thoughtfully and shook his head. Then his face brightened up.

"Here's the schoolmaster coming across the bridge now!" he exclaimed.

* *

A new minister in a Kentucky church was delivering his first sermon. The Negro verger was a critical listener.

The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the service one of the deacons asked the old verger what he thought of the new minister.

"Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does. Why, dat man axed de lawd fo' things de odder preacher didn't even know he had."

* *

Mrs. Ayres (gushingly): "Do you know, Mr. Bootle, I'm often mistaken for my daughter."

Mr. Bootle (gallantly): "By Jove! Fancy you having a daughter as old looking as you are."

* *

"Haven't you asked father yet?" said the dentist's daughter to her sweetheart.

"Not yet. I meant to do it last night, but I lost courage again at the last moment and let him pull another tooth out."

"The Lame Demon"

(BY EMM ORR.)

It was in my early teens when I was in the VI Form, when my members of my family went on a pilgrimage to Vedarnyam, I was left all alone in my storied house, my boarding having been arranged in a hotel.

There was a tank in front of my house, on whose bank stood a Margosa Tree. There was a rumour afloat that a lame Demon haunted the Margosa Tree. I had no opportunity to see the Demon under reference so far, as I never thought of it.

My friend, Seshan used to come to my house daily to chat at nights. One day after finishing my meal in the hotel, I came to my house and was with my books. While deeply absorbed in the contents of the English Text Book I heard somebody knocking at the Door. On opening it I found the person to be my friend. As usual we began to converse on some important subjects. While thus conversing our topic suddenly turned towards that of the lame Demon.

My friend questioned me whether I had belief in Ghosts and Demons. To which I replied in the negative. At this he explained to me as to how he once met with the Demon as a result of which he was bedridden for a few months. He also added that it was dangerous on my part to take bed all alone in my house as the Demon's jurisdiction of running was near to my house, and that it would cross my house in the course of its running. This astonished me very much. Firstly I had no faith in the existence of Demons. Even supposing that they exist, why should they run at nights without any particular object in mind? Even granting that they run at nights, why should they meddle with human-beings who are far from them? With these ideas in mind, I replied my friend that I was the last person to be afraid of these farcical things. But my friend warned me and told me that one day or other I will be a victim to it.

The clock struck 10 when my friend took leave of me and went home. Soon after the departure of my friend, there were frequent thoughts soaring in my mind. I took a book to read, but reading was impossible. I played some records on the gramaphone which gave me peace of mind for an hour. When it was 11, I felt drowsy and went to bed. When I lay down, I could not get sleep.

I came out of my house and was walking in the streets from one corner to another. I happened to see the Margosa Tree. When I saw it I saw something moving under it. I watched it closely to know what it was By and by the figure was moving towards the tank and to my surprise it was a lame figure. I was at my wits end. I came to the conclusioh that it could be nothing but the "LAME DEMON."

As I watched it the figure was close to me, and when it was some 20 or 30 yards before me, I fell down and what happened further I did not know, About 30 minutes after this, I saw a crowd gathering around me. All asked me as to why I was lying in the street and when I explained to them how I met the demon and how it approached me. There was an uproar of laughter among the people gathered, and I was at a loss to know why they all should laugh. When I questioned them about the reason for their laughter they told me that what I met was only a lame beggar and not a "LAME DEMON".

A man caught a boy's in his garden stealing apples, and handed him to the police.

As it was the boy's first offence the magistrate let him off, but told him never to yield to such temptation again, adding: "Ye should have flown from the Evil One,"

"So I did, sir," replied the boy, "but he grippit me afore I got ower the fence!"

* *

The clerk at the office for registry of births, marriages, and deaths was new to his job and not very well acquainted with the customary procedure. He was also slightly deaf.

"I want a certificate——" began the caller.

"What name?" asked the clerk.

"New—Thomas new."

"Pardon me, I didn't quite catch it."

"I'am new. New to you! New to everybody! New to the world!"

"What you want is a birth certificate," said the clerk, absently.

"My boy," said a married Bishop to a youngster employed as bootboy at the episcopal palace, and who had been found out in some fault, "I want you to remember not only that you grieve me by your conduct, but that there is One far greater than either of us who takes notice of everything we do, and, will hold us responsible for our actions."

"Yes, my lord," replied the boy. "She's already spoken to me about it."

* *

Counsel: "Now, sir, did you, or did you not, on the date in question, or at any time, previously or subsequently, say or even intimate to the defendant or anyone else, whether friend or mere acquaintance, or in fact, a stranger, that the statement imputed to you, whether just or unjust, and denied by the plaintiff, was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer, did you or did you not?"

Defendant: "Did I or did I not what?"

* *

A Jew was walking along Oxford Street with the thermometer at eighty-five in the shade. He wore a heavy fur coat pulled closely round him. He was dripping with perspiration and obviously uncomfortable.

"But vy do you vear a fur coat in dis veather, Ikey?" asked a friend in amazement.

"Vell," said Ikey, "my vife's vasting my money at Le Touquet, my daughter's lounging around with a vaster, and trade here has gone vest. In fact, the only joy I get in life is ven I go home and take off this darned coat."

* *

She woke up in the early hours of the morning and nudged her sleeping husband.

"Wilfred," she said in a hoarse whisper, "Wilfred, wake up! There's a mouse in the bedroom!"

Wilfred sat up.

"Well, what about it?" he groaned.

"I can hear it squeaking," she said, fearfully.

"Well, d'you want me to get out and oil it, or something?"

* * *

Employer: "You say you understand two languages. What are they?"

Prospective Typist: "Flowers and stamps!"

Pulling the Strings

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from their honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or the vice-president of this society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I'll be content with a subordinate position."

"What position is that, my dear?"

"Treasurer."

* *

"Most of my customers are dropping off now," said the man in the corner of the railway carriage.

"Is that so?" said another passenger. "What's your line?"

"I make sleeping draughts."

* *

Little Elsie: "If I get married, Mummy, will I have a husband like papa?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Little Elsie: "And if I don't marry, will I be an old maid like Aunite?"

Mother: "Yes."

Little Elsie: "Well, I am in a fix."

* *

One night at a theatre a man who had dined rather too well stood up in his seat right smack in the middle of the play and cried: "Is there a doctor in the house?

The actors faltered slightly, but the play bravely went on, although it was a bit of a blow to those concerned.

A moment later, the same man, still standing, repeated his question.

At this second call, another man arose and said: "Yes, I'm a doctor,' whereupon the other nearly finished off the performance for that evening by asking, in a tone of great bonhomie, "How do you like the show, doc.?"

Shocked

A country couple visited a London picture gallery. They stopped before a picture of Adam and Eve.

"'Ere'e a brazen 'uzzy, Sam," said the wife. "Who is it?"

The husband fumbled with his catalogue.

"Queen Elizabeth receiving the Spanish Ambassador," he said.

* *

"Some fellow stole Mabel's handbag last night, and she had all her make-up in it."

"Oh dear; he didn't even spare her blushes."

* *

A lecturer at London University, just appointed to a new post in the United States, informed his three-year-old daughter that she would soon be making her home in America. That night the child ended her evening prayers: "Good-bye, dear God. I'm going to America."

* *

He had been trying to secure the attention of a waitress for twenty minutes, but at last got up from his chair and, going to the desk, demanded to see the manager.

"What for?" asked the girl.

"I've got a complaint," he replied.

"Complaint," retorted the girl, haughtily. "This is a cafe, not a hospital."

* *

"Money. money—it's always money! Do you think I'm the goose that lays the golden eggs?"

"No, dear, not that one!"

* *

"You're very interested in that stuffed bird," said the ornithologist.

"Yes," said the aviation expert. "I think its steering gear infringes one of my patents."

No Risk

A desperate-looking man entered a railway carriage where a woman and her small daughter were already seated. Feeling alarmed, the woman tried to get him to leave the carriage by saying: "I think it only fair to tell you, sir, that my little girl has scarlet fever."

"That's all right, madam," replied the man. "I'm committing suicide at the first tunnel, anyway."

* *

It's my *fiance's* brithday, and I can't think what to get him. I'd like to get him something nice; you see he's abroad and sees so little of me."

"In that case why not send him a photograph taken in that bathing costume?"

* *

One man we know amuses himself by "listening" to people who carry on those apparently exciting conversations in the deaf-and-dumb language. He's made it a hobby for years. Lately he's been running across a new signal which stumped him, a sort of sweeping-down gesture.

Finally he went around to the man who had taught him the language, and demonstrated the action. Oh, yes, the teacher said, he knew it. It had come into vogue only recently. It meant "Oh yeah?"

"The brakes refuse to act, Milady!"

"Refuse, Judson?"

* *

"I'm sorry I couldn't keep that luncheon appointment with you. Circumstances over which I have no control kept me away."

"Yes, yes. By the way, how *is* your wife?"

* *

"Mother wants to know whether she shall come to stay with us for a week or so."

"It's thoughtful of her to suggest an alternative. Tell her to sew."

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A Negro happened to be in a border town in Ohio on election day. In the afternoon an acquaintance met him.

"Have you voted, Rastus?" he asked.

"Yassir, I's voted."

"How did you vote?"

"Wel, boss, it was dis way. I meets a Republican in th' street an' he gibs me 'leven dollars to vote for his man. An' I meets a Democrat, an' he gib me seven dollars to vote for th' Democrat."

"But the Republican gave you the most money."

"Yassir, dat's just th' pint. I voted for dem Democrats because dey was least corrupt."

* *

At a course for Transport Officers in India one subaltern had not paid a great deal of attention to the instruction imparted, and on the last day he was asked by the commandant to step forward and tell the age of a mule.

The young officer opened the mule's mouth in gingerly fashion and peered inside inquiringly. Then he said with a diffident cough, "Well...er...sir, I don't know that I can give you the...er ...age of this mule, but, judging by the look of his tongue. I'd say he was up very late last night."

* *

The opera was "Rigoletto" and the scene that wherein Rigoletto tears his hair because of the betrayal of Gilda.

"Why is he making such a fuss?" a pretty girl asked her companion.

"My dear," explained her friend, "it was a sin in those days."

* *

It was the day before the annual cricket match between rival village teams. The vicar of the village and chairman of the home club called on the captain and gave him money with which to buy a new ball and a new bat.

"That may help you to gain a few runs and take a few wickets," he told the captain.

The following afternoon, few minutes before the match' the vicar again approached the captain,

"Did you get the bat and ball?" he asked.

"No! Bats and balls won't help us," replied the captain emphatically. "I gave the money to the umpire!"

A vey stout man was walking on the promenade of a seaside town when he noticed a weighing machine with the notice: "I speak your weight."

He put a penny in the slot and stood on the platform. A voice answered: "One at a time, please!"

* *

A fairly grown up student sent a slip of paper through the peon of his school to the Superintendent. On the slip were written the following words:—

'R. S. Pathy, F. C. S. on some important business'.

The Superintendent asked the peon to allow the gentleman in. The student entered the room.

Superintendent:—Rathnam, don't disturb me now. I want to meet an F. C. S. (Turning to the peon, Gopal) Let the gentleman in.

Gopal:—(astonished) Why sir, he is the gentleman that gave me the slip.

Superintendent:—Rathnam, what do you mean by R. S. Pathy.

Student:—Rathnasabathy, Sir.

Superintendent:—What do you mean by F. C. S.

Student:—Fifth Class student.

Supdt:—(angrily) You fool, what do you want?

Student:—"Sir, I want to know why I have been detained in the same class this year also."

R. DEVARAJALU.

* *

Hypnotist (at an audience)

"And now Gentlemen, I will make this man forget everything......"

"Hold on," cried one of the members as he rushed forward from the back benches, "that fellow owes me Rs. 10"

• •

Nearly 700 different languages are spoken in the world, distinct languages, with definite grammatical systems, apart from the thousands of local dialects.

* *

The malarial parasite is so small as easily to inhabit the interior of a human red blood corpuscle, of which five million are normally contained in a cubic millimetre of blood (about one sixth of an average drop).

Nosy News Test of things

Milk:—Pure milk is heavier than the mixture. Put a little Nitric acid in the milk. The real milk will at once be seen separated from the water ingredients.

Gold:—Pour two drops of Nitric acid on gold. If it produces a white spot it should be granted that some alloy is certainly mixed with it.

Ghee:— Unmixed ghee is always green or red while mixed is white. Moreover, the former unlike the latter is very fragrant.

Honey:—If a drop of water when poured on honey brings any change on it, it must be unreal as real honey is not affected at all.

Otto:—Pour a drop of Attar on a white paper and hold it before the fire. If it is dried away without leaving any trace, take it to be real because an unreal Attar always leaves some trace.

• •

A Mathematical puzzle.

A certain coolie was engaged for 31 days at Re. 1 per day. The master got with him five rings to the value of Rs. 31/ to give away to the coolie. If he wants to pay the coolie whenever he leaves him for the work he has done, only in rings, what must be the value of each of the five rings?

Ans.—1, 2, 4, 8, 16 rupees each.

* *

A man has 520 muscles. The muscle record is held by the elephant. In its trunk alone it has 40,000.

• •

Black sand containing gold is found after every westerly wind on some of the beaches on the west coast of the South Island, New Zealand. Many people earn a living by gathering the sand at low tide and washing it for the sake of its golden contents.

* *

Hair goes white, according to scientists, because the white corpuscles in the blood eat up the pigments which colour the hair.

S. P. SHEIK MOHIDEENT.

* *

Teacher:—"Ramu, name me a unit of electricity."

Ramu (just waking up):—"What"

Teacher:—(Watt) "Right."

Will Europe's Kings

COME BACK?

"MY dear uncle," wrote the Crown Prince of Germany to me from his provincial retreat in Silesia in the early spring of last year, "so hectic were the last six months of my life, so often did I figure in the news, that both Cecilia and myself feel as though we could stand a bit of privacy. Flattered as we are by this sudden outburst of public attention, we confess that we did not solicit it in the least..."

The "hectic six months" mentioned in the letter of my German nephew happened to be precisely the six months which had elapsed since I had bid adieu to the exiled King Alfonso of Spain in the lobby of his hotel in Fontainebleau.

The stocks of royalty, which had touched a "new low" on the day of his landing in Marseilles—April 16th, 1931—had suddenly staged a vigorous rally and recovered a goodly part of the ground lost in the course of the previous fourteen years. Democracy had failed to surmount the economic crisis and this, logically enough, constituted bullish news in so far as the pretenders were concerned.

"Things never were so bad under the Kaiser"—this whining phrase (whoever coined it!) proved extremely popular in Germany with panicky bankers and starving ex-soldiers alike. In no time it became the battle cry of the Restoration, and it took an emphatic "no" from the old gentleman in Doorn to keep his son from being pitted against von Hindenburg in a national election.

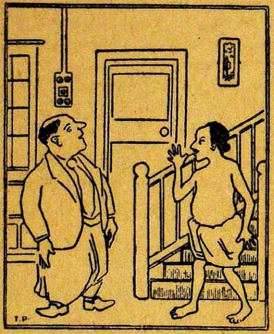
Not that the elder Hohenzollern felt jealous of his offspring; far from it. The disagreement, if any, had to do with the method, not with the principle. The son was willing to reach the throne with the aid of the handy ladder of the Presidency. The father, always a stickler on etiquette, thought that a Hohenzollern should not accept favours from an Austrian adventurer, and even though Berlin might well be worth a mass, it is better to have it said by some other bishop, not Herr Hitler.

The Doorn decision delivered, an eloquent silence descended upon the haunts of the German monarchists.

Nations have changed a lot since the days when Charles II, was perambulating between Holland, France and Spain in search of cash and an army to fight Cromwell. Military intervention, except in China, has become a distinct thing of the past. Even the Rumanians, anxious as they always are to score an easy victory, sulked at their Queen's idea of fighting the Hapsburg Castle in Hungary.

True enough, the Allies did send their troops to Russia in 1919, but that was done for the sake of oil and manganese, not for the Ramanoffs. A modern pretender must rely solely on the counter revolutionary forces within his own nation if he really expects to stage a come-back.

CURSED BE THE LAZY!



Master: Why So long in coming down when I shouted for you?

Servant: I tripped and rolled the Stairs, Sir.

Master: That is the very reason why you should have come to me earlier. It is mere laziness, I know.

I say "really" because not every pretender cares *to ascend the throne.*

Some of them—the Guises in the case of France, the Braganzas in the case of Portugal—do their pretending with the tongue in the cheek, simply to keep up a grand and glorious tradition.

I imagine that the late Duke of Orleans would have been the unhappiest man in the world had he awakened one morning to learn that the "beloved" French nation was ready to receive him in Paris. He liked London, he got thoroughly accustomed to thick fogs and thin coffee, and whenever he had to address a gathering of French royalists he sighed and said under his breath: "What asses!"

I may be hopelessly wrong, but it is my sincere belief that even the Kaiser would think twice before accepting the invitation to return to Potsdam. His fourteen years in the simple but solid comforts of his castle in Doorn must have cultivated a taste for healthy life.

The same is the case of the present "first citizen" of Coburg, my wise and big-hearted friend the ex-Czar of Bulgaria. And as for the late King Manuel of Portugal, no forces in the universe could have made him exchange England and his priceless collection of first editions for the Royal Palace in Lisbon and the Portuguese street scene.

Contented Exiles

Then there is that gentlemanly, white-bearded chap in Nice, the ex-Sultan of Turkey and the ex-Caliph of Islam. His was a dignified, if somewhat forced, exit; in fact, his trunks were packed and reservations made before the order of expulsion, signed by the energetic Kemal, could reach the premises of Yildiz-Kiosk.

Strolling in the Promenade des Anglais and smiling cheerfully, he does not resemble the preconceived type of a Bloody Sultan's descendant in the least. He tips well and the French like him. He married his daughters to the two sons of a fabulously rich rajah and has discovered that the taste of Perrier compares most favourably with that of the celebrated sweet waters of Beykos. A Sultan of his age can easily exist without the benefit of kneeling subjects.

One of these days he may learn to play contract, and then he will find an amiable and capable partner in the person of ex-King George of Greece; a massacre or two are easily forgotten after the first rubber.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

"Michael Faraday's - - - - - Love Affairs"

By K. APPU RAO.

Michael Faraday was a Great Scientist, Philosopher and an English man by birth. He was a man of genuine career and habits. Truly speaking he is the father of all Electrical inventions of the 19th and 20th centuries. It is Funny to read the love story of such a great man.

In his early days Faraday opined and opposed against love and wrote a hint about love in his note-book thus: "What is Love? A nuisance to everybody but the parties concerned. A private affair which every one but those concerned wish to make public." You will see how Faraday repented later.

Faraday belonged to the Sandemanian sect of Christianity. When Faraday was twenty one years of age an assembly took place in London. Among the members there was a silversmith by name Barnard who had two sons, Edward and George Barnard. Edward Barnard was a friend of Faraday. Barnard had three daughters also, and the middle of them was called Sarah Barnard. Once Sarah was told by Edward about Faradays hints on love. This Sarah wanted to see.

By this time poor Faraday was not able to keep himself, and without his knowledge, the figure of Sarah stealthily stole its way in his chamber of bolted love! He would have procured ultra-voilet cameras and the various other devices to detect a thief getting into a treasure chamber, but in those days they were not invented. Poor Faraday had to submit himself defeated and asked for mercy!

Now Sarah came to Faraday and asked him to show her his notebooks in which was written the note on love. Without agreeing to that Faraday sent the following poem to Sarah on 11th October 1819 from the Royal Institution (of Science).

" You asked me last night for the lines which I penn'd,

When, exulting in ignorance, tempted by pride,

I dared torpid hearts and cold breasts to commend,

And affection's kind pow'r and soft joys to deride.

If you urge it I cannot refuse your request:

Though to grant it, will punish severely my crime:

But my fault I repent, and my errors detest;

And I hoped to have shown my conversion in time,

Remember, our laws in their mercy decide.

That no culprit be forced to give proof of his deed:

They protect him though fall'n, his failings they hide,

And enable the wretch from his crimes to receed (sic)

The principle's noble! I neeed not urge long

Its adoption; then turn from a judge to a friend,

Do not ask for the proof that I once acted wrong,

But direct one and guide me the way to amend."

M. F.

Also go through the following letter of Faraday to Sarah.

Royal Institution.

You know me as well or better than I do. You know my former prejudices, and my present thoughts—you know my weakness, my vanity, my whole mind; you have converted me from one erroneous way, let me hope you will attempt to correct what others are wrong.

* *

Again and again I attempt to say what I feel, but I cannot, let me however, claim not to be the selfish being that wishes to bend your affections for his own sake only. In whatever way I can best minister to your happiness either by assiduity or by absence, it shall be done. Do not injure me by withdrawing your friendship, or punish me for aiming to be more than a friend by making me less; and if you cannot grant me more, leave me what I possess, but hear me,"

Sarah showed his letters to her father and she could not decide what to do. Her father told that "love made philosophers say many foolish things." To postpone her decision, Sarah went to her sisters place, Ramsgate. Faraday also pursued her to Ramsgate and spent some happy days in his future wife's company. Sometime later he wrote another interesting letter which is reproduced here:

" I tied up the enclosed key with my books last night and made haste to return it lest its absence should occasion confusion. If it has, it will perhaps, remind you of the disorder I must be in here also for the want of a key—I mean the one to my heart. However, I know where my key is, and hope soon to have it here, and then the Institution will be all right again. Let no one oppose my gaining possession of it when unavoidable obstacles are removed.

Ever my dear girl, one who is perfectly.

Yours,

M. F.

Faraday married Sarah on 12th June. The wedding was considered by Faraday as a very important event in his life. Faradays family life was a happier one though his wife had no child. Faraday entered in his note book the following note:

25th January, 1847.

Amongst these records and events, I here insert the date of one which, as a source of honour and happiness, far exceeds the rest. We were *married* on June 12, 1821.

M. FARADAY.

The above article is an abstract from, Sylvanus P. Thompsons Book, "Michael Faraday. His life and work."

" Yes dear, she is getting married at last."

" Disarmament ?"

" No, security"—*Le Rire.*

* *

"This car is sound in every part, sir."

" So I hear."

THE PROPHET.

"There's rats in the shed," said Mr. Kimber. "They'll be taking a fancy to them chickens afore long."

It didn't seem possible that even a rat could take a fancy to the birds, which were at the most unattractive and bristly stage of their adolescence. An odd quill or two sprouted raggedly, bits of down still remained in inadequate places, but the general appearance of each young fowl, particularly at the nether end, was red and naked. Mr. Kimber repeated his compliment, adding, "You mark my words!"

I said something about traps.

"Traps!" repeated Mr. Kimber and glanced moodily at the nearest chicken. "Traps! It's no use settin' traps *now*. Traps catches birds as well as rats. Traps should 'a' been set long afore I started work here—an' would 'ave been if I'd been here."

"I know," I agreed rather miserably, though I was tired of being forced into apology for Mr. Kimber's predecessor; "but Hitchins——"

"Oh, *him*!" said Mr. Kimber. "Well, it's no use settin' traps now, nor laying poison neither. Poison should 'a' been laid long afore I come here."

He picked up his fork and went off to work in that part of the garden that cannot be seen from any window of the house.

The next day one of the chickens had gone.

"What did I say?" asked Mr. Kimber triumphantly after we had counted the survivors. "And there'll be another gone to-morrow. Rats like Rhode Island Reds. Once a rat starts——"

"Couldn't we shut the birds up?" I, asked.

"Shut'm up!" Mr. Kimber glanced at two chickens that were playing tug-of-war with a worm. "If chickens were to be shut up they should 'a' been shut up long afore I come here."

I reminded him that the birds had indeed been well shut up in the shell at the time of his coming, but with a reproachful "Talkin' won't fetch weeds up!" he strolled towards his favourite patch of garden.

I did not report the loss of the third bird and hoped Mr. Kimber would not miss it from among its indelicately-covered kin: but he told me, when I came upon him drinking his elevenses (these functions usually lasted from eleven-thirty to twelve—the time of his dinner-hour): "There's another chicken gone—a pullet too. There'll be one missin' every mornin' now."

And so there was, until at last only one scrawny chicken remained, with none to dispute its right of worm. I heard this bird squawking dismally just half-an-hour before the time of Mr. Kimber's lawful departure. We met in the gateway as he was leaving and I was coming in. He produced the fowl from his pocket. "I was just seeking you out to ask if it wouldn't be a good thing to shut this chick up for the night," he said, "so's to save it from rats."

"But I thought——?"

"Well, now, it's no use shuttin' the stable door after the horses have gone, is it now?"

As usual, he quelled me. Mr. Kimber was something of a hypnotist as well as prophet. It was my fault when seeds did not come up, my fault that weeds sprang so gaily in Mr. Kimber's favourite and most secluded bed. Now the death of eleven chickens was laid at my door.

The last one vanished next day, and a week after that Mr. Kimber was, so his eldest son informed me, "laid up along o' that hedge in the rain."

I understood I was to blame for Mr. Kimber's illness because he had cut a hedge in full sight of my window. There had been a shower that morning, but it had synchronised (it could scarcely fail to do that) with Mr. Kimber's elevenses.

I hardened my heart for a fortnight and then went to ask after the invalid. I saw him. I also saw and remarked on twelve lanky Rhode Island Red chickens. They were older than mine had been, but no older than mine *would* have been, if you understand what I mean.

"So you go in for poultry *now*?" I said rather nastily.

"I got a setting off of Mrs. Wilkinson." Mr. Kimber's cough then become both troublesome and nauseating, so I left him.

It was only on the way home I remembered that Mrs. Wilkinson. keeps no birds except Leghorns.

I was not surprised when a later prophecy of Mr. Kimber's came true: "Mark my words, them gooseberries of yours will all be took. The birds 'as their eyes on 'em."

Mrs. Kimber. I know, is a good pastry-maker, and no doubt her husband enjoyed his Sunday pie.

PUNCH.

"My husband is mean; he's taken all the cash out of baby's money-box."

"My dear!"

"Yes, and just when there was nearly enough for the new hat I wanted."

* *

"How did your new office manager turn out?"

"The first thing he did was to turn me out."

* *

Mrs. Henpeck: "Did you miss me much while I was away?"

Mr. Henpeck: "Er, no, dear. I went to a lecture every night."

* *

Father: "Come here, son. I'm going to dust the seat of your trousers with this cane."

Son: "Don't be old-fashioned, father; why not use the vacuum cleaner?"

* *

Mrs. Jones: "I say, isn't it extraordinary how much the Browns know about our affairs?"

Jones: "Why extraordinary? Didn't they buy our parrot?"

* *

"Are you sure you love me?" said a pretty girl to her admirer.

"Love you!" echoed the smitten one. "Why, darling, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night your dog bit a piece out of the calf of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got home."

* *

"I want to buy a petticoat."

"Yes. miss; period costumes on the third floor."

* *

If there is one thing that really is modern it is being interested in whatever is medieval.—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

New Words for New Things.

A Warning to Those Who Invent Them: The Demand for Simplicity: The Origin of "Gas" and "Summer Time": Gardeners' Names.

BY THE RT. HON. SIR. HERBERT SAMUEL, G.C.B., G.B.E.

NEW words are needed in the language from time to time for new things. Pedants try to make them elaborate, constructing them out of Latin and Greek, hoping that their own learning may be enshrined in them for posterity. But the people will not have it. They prefer the simple. They reject the elaborate constructions, or they corrupt them, or curtail them. The outcome is usually excellent; but if it is sometimes bad, and occasionally horrible, that is rather the fault of the pedants than of the people.

When a carriage was invented driven by an oil-engine, those who introduced it tried to call it an "automobile." The name of the Royal Automobile Club, founded at that time, is the only survival of the attempt. The British public rejected the word. The vehicle became, first a "motor-car," and now, simply and adequately, a "car." When a method was devised for projecting moving pictures on to a screen the inventor called it a "Kinematograph"—an impossible word for popular use. It soon became corrupted to "Cinema"; with the "C" soft, in complete disregard of its Greek derivation. Gradually the barbarism itself is falling into disuse. After a brief acceptance of the American "movies," we now speak of going to "the pictures," or "to see a film," and the newspapers head their lists, "Picture Theatres."

* *

A "Telegram" long ago was simplified into a "wire." Nor do we now "telephone" to someone; we "ring him up." Business people print "'Phone" on their letter-paper, with an apostrophe as a mark of respect for the disappearing syllables. Soon it will be "Phone," as a matter of course. "Taxi-meter motor-cab" at once became "taxi"; just as "cab" itself had been formed from "cabriolet." I remember seeing until quite recently at the gates of Kensington Palace Gardens, where I used to live, a notice-board saying that "hired cabriolets," among other vehicles, were not allowed through the private road.

* *

When the One-way Traffic system was introduced in London round Trafalgar Square and other centres, officialdom, true to type, proposed to call it "Gyratory." This was, fortunately, overruled and "Roundabout" substituted.

I would venture to make claim to have rendered a good service myself in this direction: When, as home Secretary in 1916, I introduced a Bill to carry into effect Mr. Willett's idea of "Daylight Saving," it was necessary to find some name for the new timing, so I called it "Summer Time." The name was adopted in the Act of Parliament and has passed into the language.

"Artificial silk" was too troublesome a term for the new textile. "Art silk" was tried, but was seen to be a misnomer. "Rayon" has now been deliberately invented and adopted by the trade. It may be accepted as quite a good work. When flying became practicable, the old word "aeronaut" came into wider use, but that was soon happily superseded by "airman." If "bus" is the worst new word in the English language, "airman" is, I think the best. But why need we still have "aeroplane" inflicted upon us instead of "airplane"? It seems likely, however, that both the one and the other will soon be replaced by the still greater simplicity of "plane."

* *

Has any attempt been made by horticulturists to do as the electricians did, and to sit down in an international conclave to devise a set of new and simple names? There are dahlias and fuchsias, poinsettias and wistarias (usually, for some unknown reason, pronounced "wisterias") named after great botanists. But these are not particularly good words in themselves; while, in the case of many other flowers the Latin monstrosities with which working gardeners have to cope are as hard for them to pronounce as for non-gardeners to remember.

* *

Now-a-days a changed political system brings in its train changed standards of taste. Design in architecture, in house decoration, in furniture, in domestic equipment, does not ape the luxury of palace or mansion; it deliberately addresses itself to the small house, the flat, and the cottage. It does not produce inferior copies of what the rich may want for a display of their splendour; it sets out to originate things of a kind that all may possess, finding their beauty in line, in colour, and in texture. So also with regard to language. In the House of Commons which consists largely of men who have never studied the classics, to quote Latin is an act of rudeness. And when nowadays we need new words, for similar reasons we prefer the simple ones.

* *

Yet there is a risk that simplification itself may produce a pedantry of its own. It may create a new technique of self-conscious crudity, as in some contemporary sculpture—particularly, I suggest, in that of Epstein in his later phases, and in the work of many of his followers. The pendulum, swinging away from the insincerity and pretentiousness of the elaborate, may pass beyond the central mark to an insincerity and pretentiousness of the primitive. But in the main, in language as in art and as in life, "simplicity," as has been well said, "is the peak of civilization."

J. O' L. WEEKLY.

Ramu: "I have found out a way to settle this unemployment problem. If we put all the men on one island and all the woman on another, we would have every body busy in no time."

Somu:—"Well, what would they be doing?"

Ramu:—"Why boat building."

* *

A mischievous boy asked his father the following question.

Boy: papa, do you know why it is very dangerous to sleep in trains.

Father: No.

Boy: Because they go on sleepers.

A COURTESAN'S STORY

Cora Pearl's Career in Paris Under the Second Empire

BY starting a series of biographies called the "Sinners' Library," Mr. Peter Davies has found a title more inclusive than that of "Everyman" itself while suggesting at the same time that its subjects may have nothing more than their sins to recommend them. It is as no more than a curiosity that Cora Pearl, the English courtesan who became for a while the fashion in Paris under the Second Empire, invites attention, and Baroness von Hutten has not much material even for her appropriately short book ("The Courtesan: a Life of Cora Pearl," Peter Davies, "Sinners' Library," 5s.).

Emma Elizabeth Crouch, to give her her real name, was born near Plymouth in 1842 in decent circumstances. Her father was a teacher of singing, and of some note, for his "Kathleen Mavourneen" is still remembered. He had a very large family, was extravagant, and eventually ran off to America with another woman.

Her first adventure.

When Cora, as it is simpler to describe her, was five, her mother sent her to a school at Boulogne, where she remained until she was thirteen years old; so her start was a fair one, and she was not a child of destitution. How far she was an agreeable child is another matter. They called her the "ferret" at home from her habit of creeping and listening, and her red hair was another singularity.

On returning to England she lived with her grandmother, who seems to have taken good care of her and who never allowed her abroad unaccompanied by a maid. Her own Memoirs describe what happened next:—

One day when church was over, I did not find the maid who was to have fetched me. She had gone for her constitutional, and forgotten to come for me.........I was not used to being out alone, and it was very amusing for me, I thought, to go home to my grandmother's by myself, like a grown-up young lady. So along I trotted, my nose in the air, my Prayer Book in my hand. I was followed. The man was about forty.

She goes on to say that she was taken to a cafe, was given a drink which made her feel ill, and knew nothing more until she awoke in the rooms of the man the following morning. Her comment, that from that day she had never forgiven men, is not very convincing since she made no effort to return home and immediately took a room with the money that the man had given her.

She goes to Paris.

Of the sequel we hear nothing untill, a year later, one of her friends took her with him to Paris. With him she refused to return, but before very long she was selling her favours to very wealthy people. The people whom she mentions appear under disguised names, which her biographer seeks to identity; but the men are less significant than the fortunes which she helped them to waste in a vulgar profusion that is simply silly. Jerome Bonaparte, cousin of Napoleon III, appears to have been the chief of these, but her most notorious victim was a young man called Duval, who seems to have spent on her four hundred thousand pounds in less than a year. When penniless he was turned from her door, and then attempted to commit suicide in her drawing-room by way of protest. This is typical of her behaviour, which led to her banishment from France, to which she crept back, in time, to die in poverty of cancer.

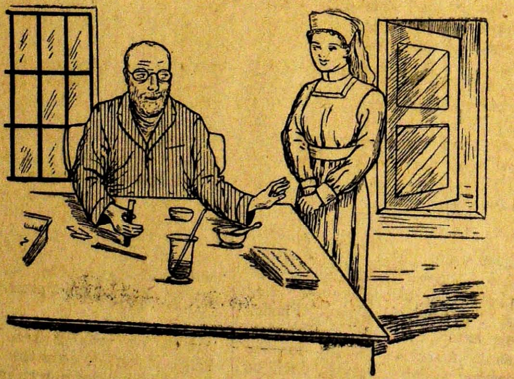
JOHN O' LONDON'S WEEKLY.

At a lecture the speaker orated fervently :—"He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe can delay him, nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man."

"A tram driver," said a man in the audience.

* *

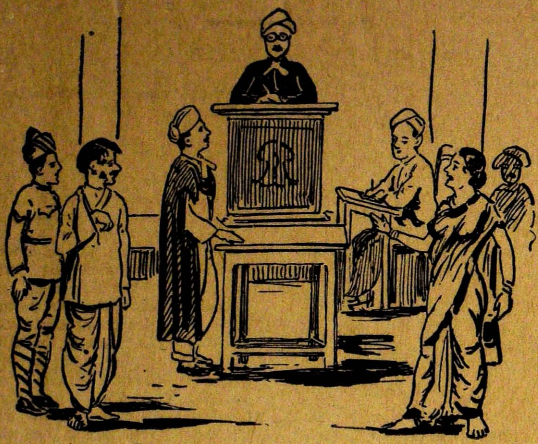
For tidiness the Scot
Is hard to beat.
A Scotsman even likes
His whisky neat.



Nurse :—(Informing the professor of the birth of a son to his wife) "This time it is a boy sir!"

Absent minded professor :—"Don't disturb me nurse. Go and tell my wife about it."

THE JUDGE'S PUZZLE.



Magistrate : And what is the charge ?

Constable : Assaulting the—.

Magistrate : (Looking at the husband,) I want to know who assaulted whom ?

Constable : Of course, your Honour, it is the man.

Magistrate : What has he done ? Look here, my dear man, why have you been brought here ?

Accused : (Hardly able to stand) I have been charged with assaulting wife your honour.

Magistrate : Well, madam, if your husband is guilty of assaulting you, how is it he is so heavily bruised and bandaged ?

Wife, the complainant : Every time I tried to say something, he defended himself at his own peril. Surely, I am not to blame if he cannot defend himself properly !

" What are your views on kissing ? "
" I haven't any—I always shut my eyes. "

* *

" Look here, old man, you've enough faith in me to lend me £5, haven't you ?"
" Absolutely, old boy. I've any amount of faith—but no £5.

• •

" Do you charge for children ?"
" Not under five, madam. "
" Good. I've only got three."

* *

" So you were at the wedding. Who gave the bride away ?"
" Nobody said a word."

" I'll tell you this, old boy : I'am master in my own house."
" Quite. And my wife's away, too. "

• •

Wife (to victim of raging toothache): " Why don't you go and have it out, dear ?"

Income-tax Official : " Don't be silly ! I sent both of the local dentists final demand notices last night. "

• • •

" Did her father come between you ? "
" Worse ; behind me. "

Sherlock Holmes's Mistake.

SIR,—If any of your readers are still amused by the slips of famous authors, it is interesting to notice a legal mistake occurring in several of the Sherlock Holmes stories.

When, through some reason sentimental or otherwise, the great detective refused to betray the guilty party whom he had discovered, he always declared that he was committing the offence of compounding a felony. This is not so, as it is a matter of common knowledge that compounding a felony is agreeing not to prosecute in return for a reward, and as no reward was ever given or promised to him he never committed the offence.

Taunton. R. D. BIRCH.

[Webster's New International Dictionary gives : " *to compound a felony*, to accept a consideration for forbearing to prosecute, such compounding being now an indictable offence but originally arising as a step towards civilization by accepting pay in lieu of taking personal vengeance upon the offender." —ED.]

Father:—" I am sorry, my boy, but I only punish you because I love you.

Son:—" I am only sorry, dad, that I am not b-big enough to return my love."

S. P. SHEIK MOHIDEEN.

* *

The following story is told of an Indian beggar.—

The beggar in question was in the habit of sitting on one of the bridges, accompained by a dog with a placard inscribed " Blind " attached to his neck, and was fortunate enough to awaken the charitable sympathies of a gentleman, who every morning when he passed the mendicant dropped a pie into his cap.

One day the usual donation was omitted, and the supposed blind man ran after his benefactor as fast as his crutches would permit, and boldly asked why the usual pie had not been forthcoming.

" Why I thought you were blind' exclaimed the man of charity, amazed.

" No, Sir, it is not I," replied the beggar, " It is the dog."

K. G. NANJUNDA RAO.

BEER-CHEER
To A
DEAR FRERE

He was on the eve of his departure from the station on transfer. A merciful government had allowed him to continue in the self-same station for more than a decade, and after the lapse of this long period of time, the exigencies of service demanded his transfer. When the news spread, all hearts were touched and all eyes moistened with tears; for over and above his official dignity, he actually was a friend, financier and guide to his colleagues, and to his "comrades" who were not a few in number. He was given many a dinner and many a tea party, and as he was boarding the train that was to take him homeward—for he was going on leave preparatory to his transfer,—the railway station platform was crowded with many bigwigs, and a legion of the lesser fry to bid him farewell. The bell rang, he got into the train, and through the crowd there dashed forth a "comrade" with a bottle of Tennent's Beer and holding it aloft gave it to the departing officer as a parting gift, with the wish that it would lighten the tediousness of the journey that lay before him! The entire crowd burst into uproarious laughter at this almost dramatic nature of the incident. They gave lusty cheers to this superb demonstration of the true spirit of companionship and began to sing :—

"Comrade dear,
"We are here
"To give you cheer
"With Tennent's Beer!"

In this hurly-burly, the engine whistled, and puff, puff, puff the train passed, and in a trice she was out of sight.

"X. Y. Z."

"Ah!" exclaimed the touring manager hopefully as, after a week of disappointing houses, his dispirited company unloaded themselves at the station of another country town. "This looks better! And see! There's even a cheerful sunset to welcome us!"

"Sunset!" sniffed the porter. "That's the theatre. It's been on fire all the afternoon."

THE BANQUET

BY T. SUBBIAH RAJU B. A.

SOMETIME ago I received a letter from Mr. S...... inviting me for a banquet to be held in commemoration of his birthday. With great astonishment I ran my eyes over the contents and could hardly believe myself that Mr. S......would be the host that day. It was only a month ago that I lunched with him, my bosom and dear friend, prior to his departure to that far-off west. How could he celebrate his birthday now and here? I was in a fit of curiosity and inadvertently dropped the letter on the floor. Mischievous young Ramu came running over to me and picking up the idle card was about to tear it to pieces when I jumped upon him with the ferocity of a lion, and snatched it. Accidentally my eyes fell on the signatories of the card. They were printed in small letters as "Members of the Modern Youth League." It now flashed on me that Mr S......was the President-elect of the League. On the eve of his departure to England, a dignified and befitting address was presented to him, on behalf of the members of the Modern Youth League. When the momentous day, the day of his birth, arrived, the Leaguers proposed to celebrate it in the most fitting manner.

I felt the invitation as a Call. I realised that it would be too ungracious an act to overlook the invitation.

However, one thing pained me most; that is, my stature. I am barely four feet and two inches tall. In spite of my endeavours raise my height with a turban or a hat, and high-heeled boots. with all these I could only increase myself a maximum height of a foot. Beyond that was impossible. But never once in my life had I an opportunity of participating in a banquet. So setting aside my disabilities and shortcomings, I decided to grace the occasion with my presence.

On the important day, I had a clean shave at my usual saloon where I insisted on my barber-friend for an extra application of the Hazeline Snow to my face. Then I posed a thousand ways before the mirror, made unusual mouths at myself to see if I may be ranked as a dignified person. Entirely satisfied at this performance I rushed to my rooms.

In my hasty search after my tweed suit I emptied one case after another. Within quarter of an hour I was a worm in a huge heap of clothes. However I fought my way and succeeded in tracing it out. It only needed a good and a hard brushing, and in order to keep away the unpleasant aroma surrounding it, I had it profusely fumigated and scented with sweet jasmine.

Then I rushed upon my shirt, collar and suit, had the noose of the silken tie gracefully adjusted, put on the tweed suit and covered my head with an evening hat. I surveyed my image in the mirror, changing my front every consecutive minute, and all the while applying my hands assiduously to the coat, then to the collar, next to the tie, till my hands ached in the attempt of setting them right. For you know, in modern days of fashion, a beau cannot tolerate the least displacement or disturbance in the flaps and moulds of the dress which the intelligent washing agent takes particular care to leave impressed.

I engaged a rickshaw and got down at the gate. As I walked into the hall amidst a flutter of fans, rustling of the coloured paper flags, and the bright lights, I imagined myself a Lilliput among the towering personalities that passed by. My dear friend Mr G......, however, recognised me in the bustle and violently shook my hands, expressive of his deep approbation while I groaned inwardly with pain.

As the hour drew near, the guests one after the other took their seats, and to my great disappointment and woe I discovered that the chair which I chanced to occupy was rather elevated. But, thanks to my walking stick, I managed to get it. My next observation was directed towards a flutter of voices, both sweet and rugged, and a lady magnificently dressed, the loose end of the saree loosely wafting in the wind, passed airily by my side, accompained by Mr G......As she looked at me I recognised her to be no other than Mrs......S in whose company I talked away many

happy hours. Seeing me, her lips curled with a smile and nodding she gently passed away.

The clock struck six and the ceremonial function now began. There were a few orations, both long and short, and all went to prove the sterling worth of services which Mr. S...... had rendered in the active fields of politics and education. I was able to collect a long list of names of societies and associations which had the privilege of having on its rolls Mr. S...... as a patron or Chairman, Secretary or anything else. I know for certain for how many clubs, societies, leagues, and associations he is Member, Secretary, President, Treasurer and etc. and which he seldom took the trouble to attend. But for a few peons, who waited upon him at his bungalow with big files of papers to be signed by him, nothing appeared extraordinary with Mr. S......

The speeches were succeeded by the most important item—that of proposing the toast and drinking to his health. Before each guest there was a glass which contained a coloured syrup. Etiquette demanded every one to be on his legs while proposing the toast. The guests rose from their seats and along with them I essayed to stand. Being short of stature, my legs were about a foot and a half above ground. It was not an easy task for me to rise. With one arm I caught hold of the chair, in the other I had the syrup, and I attempted to rise. As misfortune would have it, my legs slipped, I lost my hold over the chair, and with my full weight I fell on my neighbour, Mr. B........., Thank God. Mr. B......... was no easy affair to be shaken. He only turned his head by $22\frac{1}{2}°$ to look what the deuce it was. In a subdued tone, I begged his pardon and maintained my equilibrium very skilfully, my right hand still holding the almost empty cup. At length the toast was proposed and we all drank to the hosts, health.

The whole assembly was now again in their seats. Next they began to fall in with the cakes and biscuits. I enjoyed the repast along with them. There was chatting, much munching, and over much drinking. Each excelled the other in mirth. At length the pleasant function drawing to a close, the guests passionately shook hands with Mr. G........., the chief host, and departed one by one.

As I come out, there was a violent commotion outside. Gentlemen rushed to their cars amidst blinding lights. The noise of the electric horns and bulb horns rent the air.

From imprisonment, I had emerged into pandemonium. My guide, the walking stick, was secure in my hand. I was gazing round when Mr. K........, the superannuated captain of our company of compeers, slapped me on my back, and seated me in his car. Before long I was in my house.

Now I realised what a hard and sterile test a man has to survive before it could be broadcasted in the newspapers, a list of the prominent guests. The evening thunderers would bear the photographs generously presented to them (not without remuneration, mind you) by P.........A'S. The philosophic vein in me was at its height when I reasoned out that proposing one's health and drinking the toasts, after all, slaked the thirst of the assembly. No prospect was clear before me by which any of our well-wishes, honest prayers, sincere hopes, at least, would ever lengthen the life of our host by a day or two, though not for a considerable number of years. Not one of the assembly could say whether Mr. S...... was hale, but every one drank to his health.

These philosophic arguments, however, faded into thin air when gentle sleep stole over me. Next morning, being Sunday, I very pleasingly called upon Mrs. S......... She was overjoyed to receive me and we soon fell to a *tete tete*. It was interrupted by a loud knock at the door and soon a servant appeared before us with a letter in his hand. It had evidently come from London, and with great anxiety and eagerness the letter was opened.

As Mrs. S.........was engaged with it, I peeped over her shoulder when my eyes fell on the lines "..........had an attack of apepsia since last two days. Doctors have advised a change for Bath. I am accordingly removing to Bath shortly. You will hear more about me........." The lettar ran over the next page also. I read this with a burning heart. Why had all our prayers, all toasts, cakes, bread, syrup and every nice thing on the tables failed to Mr. S.........keep in sound health? I do not understand the philosophy of the banquet even now.

Dear Bhaiji! May it please you to let me understand the fun of it or the fun out of it?

Parting of the ways

The business man who had been prevailed upon to accompany a friend on a bear hunt had concealed his nervousness manfully, although his first night in camp in the mountain fastness was a sleepless one,

Starting forth in the morning, the two had walked but a short distance when they came upon fresh tracks which the enthusiastic sportsman identified as being those of a large bear.

"Tell you what we had better do," said the business man, brightly. "You go ahead and see where he went, and I'll go back and see where he came from!"

Saving a Meal

A Highlander in a Canadian forest was having his lunch of salted beef. Wolves scented the food and wanted a share. In terror he threw them bits of flesh,

When all the meat had gone their hungry eyes still glared at him and in despair he began to play his bagpipes. The wolves fled,

"Och," said Donald, "gin I had kent that ye liket the pipes sae weel I would ha'e gien ye a tune afore yer meal!"

Apologies

A small car came tearing round the corner on its wrong side and crashed head-on into the oncoming lorry. It was obvious to everybody that it was the small car driver's fault.

After the crowd had pulled him uninjured from the wreckage he turned to the lorry driver.

"Well." he said with a sigh, "all I can say is that I'm sorry."

The lorry driver glowered down at him.

"Oh," he said, fiercely, "is that all you can say?"

"Er—yes,"

"Right," said the lorry driver; "now listen to me!"

Barber (about to part client's hair): "Centre, sir?"

Absent-minded Cricketer: "Middle and leg!"

"The FUNNY Mag"

Here is a "Mag" for you, my boys and girls,
That hails from the city of Madras,
With learned thoughts and latest wits,
Which are sure to please small folks.

There are nice stories and novel views,
To amuse you and to teach,
"For all work makes Rama a dull boy"
Is the saying of the wise.

As the ship that holds rich cargo,
Bearing precious things for all;
So the "Funny Mag" is laden,
With the best for great and small.

S. P. SHEIK MOHIDEEN,

"Ah! Lovely Love".

"INCOGNITO—MADURA"

1. Thy Lovely face with princely rays,
Far exceed the bright Sun's rays;
Give me please thy splendid grace,
Kiss me, do! Oh Beauty's face.

2. Thy eyes, they talk of what thou art,
Do ope thy loving, gentle heart;
Do act with me thine, best parts,
Love may we, as hinds and hearts;

3. Thy rosy lips, they chide the rose,
Though they grow in gentle rows.
Thy beauty, none can define in prose,
To have thee, my heart, rapturous, grows!

4. Thy golden hair that adorn thy head,
With well-out tapes of blue and beads;
Drives my heart amock, ahead,
Aided by thy magic deeds.

5. Descend dost thou, from the skies?
As the Fairy, or else her guys,
My heart, it, within thee lies,
Repay, please, with thine, as prize.

"Beauty, as Seen."

Slowly, she roams, the trees among,
Her face is blushed, her head is hung;
Her robes, they are too pure and bright,
Her eyes, they gleamed with splendid light,
To win her, my heart indeed, did fight,
But I didn't have a right or might;
Me, they caught, her twinkling eyes,
In love, they were her faithful guys;
Stood I dumb and cold asice,
To win, she was a wondrous prize;
Her pretty anklets, they made a twinkle,
It seemed the deed on ice of Winkle;
My heart to win her, did jingle,
But lo! she fled amidst the jungle;

"The Damsel."

1. Ah! there she sits, an angel bright,
Beside the dale, of waters deep;
But I from off, saw her in right,
To near her so, my heart did leap.

2. Her shining face with wondrous charm,
Had spread its light and looked but mad;
Her breasts that seemed love's pain balm,
Rose and fell, please be it heard.

3. Her looks, they were too keen intent,
On me, when I near her went!
Her eyes, I knew, what they meant,
I thought, for me, she did lament;

4. But ah! she plunged the waters amidst,
And oh! the damsel I had missed;
But behind me, I heard it hissed,
To do like arise, if I her wished.

"Kiddy's Ditties.,,

I

His name was Tom,
He did none harm;
He owned a farm,
He wrougpt with charm,
His wife was lame,
But a lovely dame;
His children three,
All played in glee;
His heart was pure,
A good man, sure;
His deeds were good,
He had enough food;
A dog good, he had,
That watched his head;
Well he fared,
None he dared;

"A Lass"

1. She was a girl of fourteen bright,
That I, by chance, met;
Her beauty was of splendid height,
With tears, her cheeks, wet.

2. Her, I called and bade me to tell,
Why she suffered so;
Soon she came and fell in my spell,
Said, with me, would go.

3 Her love I thought, to me, too true,
Took her, with me, home;
Now, she makes me for ever but rue,
Away, her hearts roam.

4. A lass may seem to be first class,
But she does make repent;
Her lover, when she becomes false,
Though first, her love ripened.

THE CATCH-UP AND THE HONOURS LIST

BY MASTER TULIN.

IT was a baffling problem to the police of Yachin. A tiger was said to roam in the heart of the town during the nights and was causing great havoc to the life of cattle. Kids, particularly, became its prey, and more than a thousand of them were already killed in the space of a fortnight It particularly affected the poor of the town who lived as milk-vendors. Yachin was a town though not as big as Bombay, Madras or Calcutta. Still it was a town, and the heart of the State of Paluch. The state was ruled over by an illustrious Raja who knew nothing but revelries, and assisted by a mock assembly which was understood to be a stepping-stone to self-government in the State. Though till now it had not a bit advanced in its democratic principles, still the elections went on, and the mock discussions also. The main power of the State lay in a European officer who was the Dewan of the State. This same reason forced the Raja himself to adopt a policy of mute submissiveness to the Dewan, and thus the State prospered (if prosperity means to deprive the country of all the wealth it possessed,)

Being in the heart of Paluch, Yachin was necessarily the head quarters of the Reserve police. You may wonder at hearing that any such State could have a Reserve Police: but the wonder of it is that none of them were initiated into the real art, and not one single soul knew how to handle a gun properly, nor to arrange themselves into rank and file once the order was issued. And it was to these that the question presented itself. A tiger, so the rumour spread, was making a great havoc in the town: and those who had at all noticed it during the night, had described it as a lean, dark, and tall one. But it was surprising to see that many of the townsfolk had seen it at the midnight hour. The havoc had grown to such an extent that something had to be done. The Chairman of the town could do nothing but advertise that a prize would be offered to the man or men who were able to capture it. The town had become so industrious and commercialised that there was none worth the while to try a chance with the beast. The result was, a large deputation of the wise men of the town awaited on the Commissioner of Police and asked him to send out his troops during the night. After much persuasion, the order was issued. It read thus:—

As there is a rumour that a tiger has been doing immense harm to the people ef this town, I do hereby order that the Police take immediate steps to try to capture the tiger meanwhile sticking to the following points.

1. That though they may carry their guns with them, in no case should they shoot. The matter that the tiger has been found and captured should be reported to either the Commissioner af Police or his assistant (for, only those two knew how to shoot)

2. Secondly that the matter should forthwith be reported to the above-said persons meanwhile taking care to see that the animal does not escape.

Sd. MICHAEL DYER,
(Commissisner of Police)

It was a red letter day in the annals of the History of Paluch. For never before had the Commissioner issued orders complying with the wishes of the populace. There was dancing and merriment everywhere, and the people were very happy. But they were anxious for the results. They knew that the order given, that the police in no case should shoot was correct, in as much as that if such an order had not been given, they would have shot themselves down: for, as I said before, they knew to shoot only high up in the air.

People were all astir that night. The police were stationed in all the quarters and orders were given that when a whistle was heard, they should all hasten to the place. A dozen of them were made ready to report immediately the animal was found. A vigorous search began. All the jungles around the town were scrutinised and no trace of the animal was detected, except some cries of "here", and "there." The search seemed to be almost futile. The search continued. Trees were cut down and snakes and such creatures were found to be crawling. The anger of the police was at once shared by these poor lives and all around there was a work of destruction. The beauty of nature was mutilated. But she seemed to revive again bearing no malice or complaint against the offenders. Oh! Such is the graciousness of God that He never for a moment cares what all wrongs humanity does, but loves humanity all the more, and sets it right. Where can such graciousness be found.

There was one more place to be searched and that was the jungle called Valayath. Thither the police repaired. The work of destruction was resumed, and a watchful eye was kept around, and here at least they were sure to see the tiger. For from remote ages the people knew this was a resort of the bad characters of the town and it was inhabited by jackals and such other animals. The police whispered one another that they had the luck of the day and that in a moment they would close in upon the animal. Sharp eyes pierced through every part of the wood, and this seemed enough to hew down the trees. The police had surrounded the whole jungle and there was no way of escape.

"There, there" darted a sound from Head Constable Muniswamy and a thousand and one eyes followed the direction. Yes. There was something there. A posse of police closed in on the place and while they were casting about the bush here and there, up darted an animal and flew past them. No one could easily distinguish it, and it had passed into a cave on the other side.

"There, it went there," cried the same voice and, a thousand voices raised themselves up in a huge cry. They now saw the tiger with their own eyes and there was no mistaking it. It had gone into the cave and they were left with the problem of how to enslave it.

Muniswamy was the first to go to the mouth of the cave to secure the

entrance No means of escape was now found possible as the mouth of the cave was securely closed. A storm of congratulations burst in upon Muniswamy,

He was the first to face his steps to the Commissioner's house. He was off in a cycle and knocked at the door of his master. It was nearing 9 p. m. Mr. Dyer opened the door.

" What is the matter? " asked he.

"The tiger has been found and placed in the cave," replied Muniswamy.

"Alright, I shall come" replied Dyer.

He went in and told Mrs. Dyer that he was going to the jungle to capture the tiger. But she would not suffer him to go at that part of the night. "Wait till to-morrow and you can do it early in the morning" said she. A crowd of explanations burst in from Dyer; but she would not budge an inch.

"No, no," cried she, while a flood of tears trickled down her face. "I will never send you out at this time of the night. But suppose the tiger springs upon you?" asked she.

"I'll send my police first and I will go after them," replied he.

"But if the tiger fixes upon you only, there will be an end of you. I cannot bear the very thought of it" lamented the woman.

The man at last yielded. He turned a submissive face and replied.

"I will obey you. Let it be as you like." A warm unsolicited kiss from his wife was the reward.

The Commissioner had given orders that the cave would be opened next day at 8 A.M. and a vast congregation had met at that place in the jungle. He arrived with a posse of constables and stood behind them saying "Now begin the work." A handful of the soil was turned over but the work was at once stopped. For the men were afraid that the tiger would spring upon him. Mr. Dyer was behind inspiring them, but he stopped short and retreated. Others were called for, but none came, not even Muniswamy. Now the first man said "My lord, we have no weapons with us. So, is it not better if you yourself do the rest of the work?

"What, ruffian !!Muniswamy, turn him out. You are dismissed" came a thundering sound.

Muniswamy grew all the more proud and he set about the work. Numberless gazing eyes were riveted upon him. The mouth of the cave was opened and an awe passed through all the faces. All listened, and Muniswamy listnened too. Yes. The tiger was moving in the cave. He beckoned to his master.

With much outward alacrity, the Commissioner was by his side and viewed the situation in all its seriousness. The gun was ready in his hands in case of emergency and the dark cave loomed before him and with it the apparition of his own self, beckoning him to call away from that cave of terror. Yet he was self-reliant. He hoped he would win, and he did not wish to exhibit his sense of despair.

Two eyes pierced forth from the cave and for a moment, he was struck back. But his gun was in the right position. Regaining his strength that appeared to fail a moment ago, a correct aim was taken and a shot went off.

A heap of congratulations and cries burst forth. Shot followed shot and a yelling cry was heard inside. A moment later indistinct cries of the animal were heard. "Bow, bow, bow" came the feeble cries.

What! Would a tiger cry "Bow, Vow!" It is wonderful, really a wonder of wonders. An air of amazement prevailed all over the place and the immediate result was a rush toward the cave,

The Commissioner being the receipient to win the prize which he so eagerly did covet; was off to the animal even before its cries arose. His thoughts grew elated at the prospect of this exhibition of his valour. A "Khan Bahadur' surely awaited him in the Birth-day or New Year Honours. He was so engaged in himself that he knew not that he was treading the body of the tiger which he had so easily killed.

Suddenly he stopped short and Muniswamy was the first to express his wonder. "My Lord,' gasped he "What is this !"

A thousand hearts leapt up to the place where the Commissioner was standing. Exclamations of "a dog, a dog!" burst from the onlookers. Yes. It was an old lean, black dog that was killed, and no tiger.

That day Mr. Dyer found that it is not really an easy joke to be included in the coveted "HONOURS LIST."

N.B.—The names and characters are all fictitious.

Lucky

"Look here," stormed Brown to the estate agent; "about that riverside bungalow you sold me."

"Anything wrong, sir?" asked the agent.

"Wrong!" exclaimed Brown. "The other morning we woke up and found that the beastly place had floated two miles down the river."

"H'm," said the agent, "that's a stroke of luck. The rates are much lower down there."

Troubled

"Hello."

"This is Mrs. Jones. Will you send some nice cutlets right away?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Jones, but we haven't any cutlets."

"Oh! Well, send me a couple of nice lean pork chops."

"We haven't any pork chops, either, Mrs, Jones."

"Oh, how provoking! Then a small sirloin steak will have to do."

"We haven't any steak."

"For Heaven'e stake! Aren't you smith, the butcher?"

"No, I'm Smith, the florist."

"Oh! Well, send me a dozen white carnations. My husband must have starved to death by now."

An explorer was speaking at a dinner given on his behalf before he left on a long journey into the heart of Africa.

In concluding his remarks, he said: "I thank you for your kind wishes regarding my welfare on my dangerous journey, and want you to know that when I am far away, surrounded by ugly grinning faces, I shall certainly think of you."

COMPETITIONS CORNER.

FUNNY'S FORTNIGHTLY PRIZES.

FUNNY'S FREE FILM NAME CONTEST RESULT OF 20th AUGUST 1933.

Film Names Contest's Correct Solution.

1. IN AFRICAN WILDS.
2. PRETTY POLLY.
3. THE OPEN WAY.
4. IDLE HOURS.
5. THE FATAL SHOT.
6. THE FIRST NIGHT.
7. MAN OF MYSTERY.
8. LAND OF THRILLS.
9. BY THE CARCASE.
10. COLD STORAGE.
11. IT IS YOU.
12. HOMEWARD BOUND.
13. NOBODY'S FRIEND.
14. A FULL PACK.
15. FORGET ME NOT

The First Prize of Rs. 50 has been won by :

Mr. C. V. Balasubramanian, Clerk, Construction, Audit,
S. I. Ry., TRICHINOPOLY.

The Second Prize of Rs. 50 has been won by 13 Gentlemen, and the sum of Rs 50 have been devided amongst them :

1. U. R. SARANGAPANI, C/o, U. N. RAMASWAMI NAIDU, Board High School, Udamalpet, COIMBATORE DT.
2. S. KRISHNASWAMI IYENGAR, 2, Sullivan's Garden Road, Mylapore, MADRAS.
3. B. RAGHU RAMAN, C/o Indian Bank Ltd., TIRUPPUR.
4. F. B. COWEN, Telegraph Inspector, PERAMBUR.
5. M. RAMA RAO, Sub-Overseer, 1263, Weavers Line, MYSORE.
6. R. V. PURUSHOTHAMA REDDIAR, Superintending Engineer's Office, TANJORE.
7. R. RAJAGOPALA IYENGAR, Clerk, Construction, Audit, S.I.Ry,, TRICHINOPOLY.
8. G. RADHAKRISHNAN, Clerk, Construction, Audit, S.I.Ry.. TRICHY.
9. C. V. BALASUBRAMANIAN, Clerk, Construction, Audit, S.I.Ry., TRICHINOPOLY
10. Do.
11. Y. VEMULA REDDY, Medico, 57-c, R. M. S. Hostel, G. T. MADRAS.
12. P. V. NANJUNDA RAO, 46, Sanjivirayan Koil St., WASHERMANPET.
13. V. KRISHNAMACHARI, C/o Saraswathy Nilayam, Town High School Rd., KUMBAKONAM

EACH Rs. 3-13-6

FREE & EASY VOTING COMPETITION

NO ENTRANCE FEE

Rs 50

NOTHING TO SOLVE

IN CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE RS. 30. **SECOND PRIZE RS. 20.**

CLOSING DATE 10th OCTOBER 1933.

HOW TO VOTE AND WIN.

This is an extremely Simple and Easy Competition, you have nothing to solve. But simply to select Six reasons you like best from the list given, and vote for them. There is every chance of your Winning the Prize.

In the Funny's Free Voting Coupon twelve numbers representing the twelve reasons of the list have been printed, with spaces for marking your votes. Before the numbers which represent the reasons which you think to be the best mark your votes by putting a cross mark like the **X** in the space opposite to the number. Mere cross marks will do. You need not strike out the other numbers. After numbering send the coupons duly signed and filled up clearly.

A single coupon can be sent by book-post in an open envelope affixing half anna postage. When stamps are sent they must be sent in a closed envelope only.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. All entires must be received by 10th October 1933. Any received after that date will not be considered.

2. There is *no entrance fee* for this competition. It is free. The voting must be in the Special Free Coupon printed in this issue with spaces for marking and sent duly filled up.

3. A competitor can send any number of attempts. For additional attempts the solutions can be given on a piece of paper provided, that each additional attempt not given on the special coupon is accompanied by stamps to the value of 1½ annas. One of them at least must be on the special free coupon to be found in this issue.

4. If the solutions on ordinary paper is not accompanied by at least one coupon they will not be considered.

5. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor, 'Voting Competition' Funny Magzin Office, 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.

6. No correspondence can be entered into. The decision of the Editor, on all matters relating to this competition is final.

7. First Prize will be awarded to the attempt which is considered to be the best by the Editor. The Second Prize will be given to the next best in merit. In the event of a tie the prize will be equally divided.

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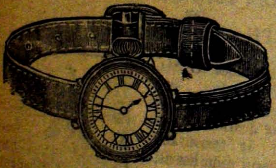

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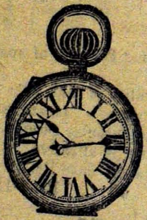

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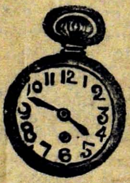

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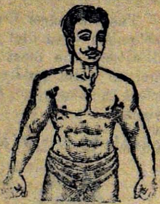

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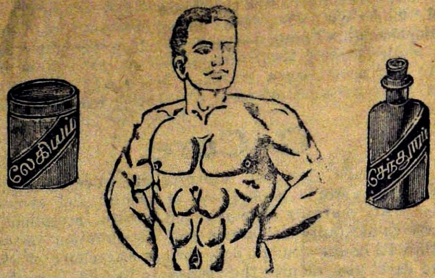

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